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Model	0-60	1/4 mi.	Top Speed	MPG City	MPG Hwy	MSRP
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Ford T-Bird	25	46	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 2.8	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 3.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 3.8	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 5.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 5.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 5.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 5.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250
Mustang 5.0	27	52	115	38	43	\$7,250

*EPA est. 41 city/25 hwy mpg. Actual mileage may vary depending on operating conditions and driving habits. Always use proper driving techniques.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GILES TIPPETT: THE \$350 HAT FITS THIS MAN TO A "T"

Western author and adventurer Giles Tippet, whose rueful musings on the donkey baseball games of his youth appear in this week's issue (NOSTALGIA, page 10), has a bigger-than-life reputation. After the Texan's last visit, the rumor around our offices was that he had singlehandedly subdued four muggers in an elevator—without, as regionals editor Linda Verigan had it, "so much as losing his comb."

Well, it turns out there were only three muggers, and they had the upper hand. Tippet lost several hundred dollars and a gold pendant. "It might have been a match," he says, "but they had one thing I didn't. Drawn pistols."

As the author of seven novels about an Old West bank robber (the Wilson Young series, Dell), Tippet knows not to tussle with armed outlaws. On the other hand, he didn't acquire his daring reputation for nothing before becoming a writer, he had been a rodeo cowboy, a bonded diamond cou-

ner, the owner-operator of a Mexican gold mine, a freelance private investigator and a fly-anywhere-for-anybody pilot. To research his 1976 book, *The Mercenaries*, he spent seven months as a mercenary pilot in South Africa, secretly flying troops into Rhodesia. "As a writer I couldn't get inside the army [which was fighting a Rhodesian rebel group]," he says. "So I just showed them my commercial multiengine flier's license and told them I was looking for a job."

On another parlous assignment, this one for SI, he went to the Caribbean to investigate yacht hijackings. "I was in a hotel in Fajardo, Puerto Rico, one night, and I guess I'd been asking around about the wrong people," he says.

"About 2 a.m., I had some visitors who didn't have nice intentions for me at all. I jumped out the window two stories to a courtyard and took off. Y'all don't have expense vouchers for that sort of thing, either. Nothing to reimburse for sheer terror."

Most of Tippet's dozen or so SI pieces have been reminiscences about his athletic career, particularly his rodeo days. He spent enough time riding broncs and bulls to break his neck, his right leg, both collarbones "and my nose about 20 times." His donkey baseball story mentions "an embittered third baseman who failed his tryout with the Cardinals." That was Tippet in 1953. "My arm did me in," he says. "I couldn't throw even to minor-league standards." He also played football at four different colleges, ran a 9.6 100 and set a high school conference record in the 180-yard hurdles. "These days, exercise means reading with my glasses off," he says.

Tippet, 43, took up writing one night 20 years ago when, with a pregnant wife and no money, he suddenly realized he couldn't afford Baylor medical school. "I sat down and wrote a short story called *The Summer Piggy Was 13*," he says. "At the time I used nothing but balanced sentences: two clauses connected by 'and.'" Since then his style has become more varied, and he has written 13 books, scripts for children's TV and dispatches for the Houston bureaus of both TIME and Newsweek. "Me and my writing are like Wilson Young, who would like to escape his criminal ways," says Tippet. "But you get committed to this desperado life and you can't escape."

The onset of Urban Cowboy chic is one thing Tippet would love to escape. "Don't talk to me about those mechanical bulls," he says. "They ain't nothin' like the live ones. They don't swell up their neck muscles to pull the rope from your hands, or horn you, or whip you down on their heads. And I want to end that myth about rodeo cowboys always getting into brawls. Fighting another rodeo cowboy is just too long a process. I should know. I once had a running fight with a bull rider for a year and a half."

Now, alas, nearly two months into his third marriage, Tippet is talking about settling into a placid life-style. For one thing, he wants more time to make his special chili, which in 1974 was chosen as Texas' finest—but so far his image is undamaged. A New York waiter, after staring at Tippet and his \$350 cowboy hat recently, told Giles, "You know, you're the first person I ever saw who really looks right in one of those things."

Philip D. Howard

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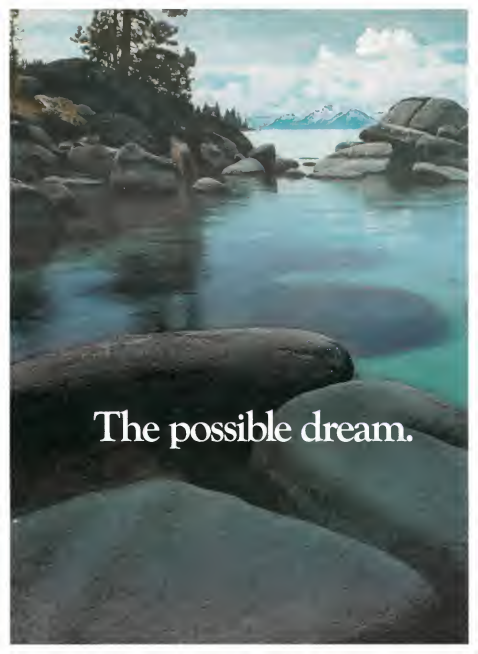
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Nostalgia

by GILES TIPPETTE

THE POLICE WON THE BASEBALL GAME WHEN A DEVILISH MULE CAUGHT FIRE

When I was growing up in the late 1940s, people in small towns in Texas and other parts of the South didn't have quite as many diversions as they do today. There were not as many TV sets, the movie theaters changed their films only on occasion, and not everybody and his teen-ager had a car. People were obviously looking for other ways to have fun.

That's about the only reason I can think of for anyone to play donkey baseball—a little-known addendum to the Great American Pastime that had its heyday about the time I was graduating from high school.

For the uninitiated, donkey baseball is baseball played while riding donkeys—the game we all know with a few additional rules. You could get off your donkey to field a ground ball or to catch a fly, but you had to bat, the pitcher had to pitch and the catcher had to catch while astride the critters.

Now there may be people—such as little girls in black patent-leather shoes and frilly dresses who haven't got time for such things, or misers who haven't finished counting their money, or preachers with the sins of the world

to consider—who don't like baseball. There may be an embittered third baseman somewhere who failed his tryout with the Cardinals and never wants to hear the game mentioned again; or there may be a baseball Scrooge who could put Ebenezer to shame.

But those attitudes are nothing but the last faint flickering glimmer of a long-dead star to the way a donkey feels about the game.

I can tell you flat-out that donkeys don't like baseball. They don't like to listen to it on the radio; they don't like to watch it, and, above all, they don't like to play it. A donkey's reaction to a baseball coming his way is "When is the next bus leaving town?" And he'll try to depart at that instant to be at the station early.

But given the level of baseball we used to play in Bay City, Texas, we had to do something to draw a crowd to the ball field. So we made donkey baseball an annual affair, played on the Fourth of July, with the police battling the fire department. The only problem with this game was that neither the police department nor the fire department was heavily populated with athletes. Some of the participants, as a matter of fact, were getting a little long in the tooth and had the same attitude toward baseball that the donkeys did. Consequently, both teams recruited athletes from the high school. This involved a good deal of shuffling, since the rules said that all players had to be members in good standing of their respective organizations.

I was on the high school baseball team and I also rodeoed, and while I wasn't particularly good at either sport, the combination was a natural for donkey baseball, automatically making me a popular draft choice.

In 1952, the fire chief found me hanging around the town square. He came up to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Son, you like chicken-fried steak, don't you?"

Well, I admitted I did, though it was an unnecessary question because there wasn't a high school boy in Texas who didn't like chicken-fried steak.

Now, there's a myth circulating around in the north, the east, and other depressed areas that chili is the national dish of Texas. That is not so. Chicken-fried steak is. As a matter of fact, one of the reasons that Texas athletes are bigger and taller and faster than most others from less fortunate states, is because of the nutritional value of chicken-fried steak, a commodity that male Texans began eating at the age of one.

Next he said, "And you like cherry pie, don't you?" I said I sure did.

"With a glass of cold milk?"

I guaranteed him that was a fact. "Well," he said, "I don't know who it was done it, since I know it'd be against the rules to try and bribe an interscholastic-league high school baseball player, but somebody has left a \$25 credit down at the Texan Cafe for you, and that ought to buy a whole bunch of chicken-fried steak and milk and cherry pie."

As any nutritionist knows, you add cherry pie and milk to your natural base of chicken-fried steak and you've got a dynamite package. I would hazard a guess that any Texas high-school athlete who trains on \$25 worth, given prices in those days, would not only be able to perform incredible athletic feats, but would be able to do them while riding not just a donkey, but any other four-footed animal you could name, including a bobcat.

Well, he had my attention, so I nodded when he said, "Can we expect you out at practice next week?"

Now all these deals were supposed to be kept top secret, but somehow the word always got out. Next day the police chief came by the house to see me. We got settled in the living room and he asked what I was going to be doing on the Fourth of July.

I told him that I had to go visit my grandmother or that I needed to take the radio in to Houston to get it fixed, as we'd been having trouble getting Amos 'n' Andy out late.

He just gave me a kind of thoughtful, sorrowful look and went to pulling papers out of his pocket. He said, "Well, I just happened to notice these tickets you've got at our files. Looks like about two speeding tickets and several parking tickets and here's one for running a red light. Now I know these must have slipped your mind or else you'd already have paid them."

And he gave me that sorrowful look again. "So what I'll do," he said, "is I'll just take these on down to the Justice of the Peace so as to save you a trip and you can drop by there and pay them. Like tomorrow."

Well, I did some fast arithmetic and I knew those tickets were going to cost more than \$25 worth of chicken-fried steak. So I cleared my throat and asked him what that date was again.

He said, gently, "The Fourth of July. Remember? Independence Day? Fireworks? Parades? Donkey baseball?"

I told him it was all coming back to me and I must have got any calendar mixed up because I wasn't doing anything about that time. He said that was just fine and got up, leaving the tickets on the couch. Just as he went out the door he said, "Can we expect you at practice?"

I told him absolutely, without fail. So I became a member of the police force—or, I should say, the mounted police.

Well, naturally, I kind of avoided the fire chief after my sudden switch of allegiance. I

continued



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gun hanging around the square, and I quit answering the telephone. At one point my mother asked me why the fire chief kept calling me. I acted innocent and told her I didn't know, but she still gave me a pretty suspicious look and wanted to know what kind of trouble I'd gotten myself into with the fire department. It seemed that whenever anyone in authority was looking for me, my mother was pretty well convinced they weren't trying to pass along the news that I'd just won an academic scholarship—an attitude that weakened my confidence.

Another problem was that there weren't enough donkeys to go around. So they had to substitute a few mules. Now on the surface that seems an innocent enough statement. "substitute a few mules." Well, the way a donkey feels about baseball ain't shucks to the way a mule feels. In fact, I think you could say that a mule almost lines up with the Communist Party in his attitude toward the Great American Pastime.

But of all the mules in Matagorda County the one that had to be considered the meanest was a big, blue-lipped devil named Anse that belonged to the Purvis brothers. The Purvises were two old reclusive bachelors who lived outside of town. For years it had been their habit to come into town on a Saturday morning driving a wagon pulled by that mule. The mule would generally do all right until he got to the little wooden bridge across Caney Creek, on the outskirts of town. There he would stop, and no power on earth could budge him. The Purvis brothers finally got in the habit of carrying a little kindling, and when the mule stopped, they'd get out and build a fire under him. But to show you how devious and ornery that mule was, on several occasions he'd go forward just enough to get the wagon over the fire. He succeeded in churning the wagon more than once.

Anse was the mount I drew, and as far as I was concerned, he was three or four times meaner than Athla the Hun.

July Fourth came and, as was traditional, things began with a parade right after a picnic. The parade would end at the ball field, we'd have the game, and then there would be a fireworks display and free watermelon.

Both teams marched in the parade, some players riding their mounts, other, less confident ones leading them. We made a brave sight in our uniforms, though with one incongruous note: donkey baseball is probably the only sport in which the players wear spurs taped to their spikes.

There was the usual argument when both chiefs turned in their lineup cards to Mayor Gorman, the home-plate umpire. The fire chief, noting the name of a high school athlete, said, "Now wait a minute, this boy's not a member of the police force. Hell, he's still in high school!"

And the police chief said, "No, he came

to us last year and evinced a great ambition to be a policeman, so we started an apprenticeship program for him. But you should talk. Here's this kid Barrett, and I know for a fact the closest he ever came to a fire was roasting a hot dog over one."

It went on like that until Mayor Gusman said, "Oh, shut up. I ought to disqualify you both for being such poor liars, but all these people have paid money to see the bunch of you make fools of yourself and I don't want to disappoint 'em. Playball!"

The fire chief acted kind of hurt at me. The whole fire department, for that matter, was none too kind. A few of them even whispered "sellout" and "traitor." I thought that was a little mean, them not knowing the true circumstances.

We played pretty even up to the third inning, when we lost our best hitter, Bobby White. He hit a sharp single to centerfield, but going down the line to first base, his donkey shied and ran headlong into the bleacher fence, throwing Bobby up into the nickel seats and breaking his collarbone. They had a good deal of trouble running down the ball in the outfield, but they finally tagged White out just as he was being loaded into the ambulance.

But we got back at them in the fourth inning, when we put Barrett out of the game. In donkey baseball you don't brush the batter back, you brush his mount back, which is much more effective. But our pitcher slipped a little and caught Barrett's donkey in the ear with a slow curve. The result was that Barrett ended up in foul territory with a dislocated shoulder.

I was having my own troubles. This devil mule I'd drawn was big and he quickly learned that once I got down to field a ground ball, I was going to be encumbered by a glove and a ball when I tried to get back on to make my throw. Of course, none of us used a saddle; the last thing you wanted was to get tangled up in the stirrups. So I'd have to try and jump up on that mule's back, then swing my leg over. It was always at just that point that he'd decide to go rodeoing.

But the same was happening to most of the other players, and by the time the game was half over, we were all hot and disgusted and tired and ready to kill every donkey and mule in six states.

We got to the last of the ninth with the fire department leading 35-33. It appeared to be all over when our first two men were put out. But then we got our next two batters on, and I squabbed a little infield hit to the third baseman. Ordinarily I would've been out, but his donkey ran off just long enough for me to reach first base.

So there we were, with the bases loaded and two out. Our next batter hit a fly ball to centerfield. Now if the centerfielder had gotten off his mount it would have been an easy out, but he decided to showboat and make

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NOSTALGIA (continued)

the catch moused. Just before he got to the ball he touched his donkey with his spurs, and that donkey, which was about as disgusted as the rest of us, picked that instant to go to-dooing. The ball fell free and we went dashing around the bases. Our man on third scored, our man on second scored and my mule and I were really flying. We rounded second and then third and were only 50 feet from victory. It looked so sure that a couple of the police had jerked a big piece of red, white and blue bunting off the face of the grandstand and stretched it out in front of the plate for me to ride over as I scored the winning run.

But they hadn't counted on that devil mule. Halfway between third and home he came to a dead stop. I kicked him, I spurred him, I whacked him with my glove, but that mule obviously thought home plate was the bridge at Canary Creek, and he wasn't going to move.

Well, it was a mudhouse. The stands were yelling, my team was jumping up and down, they were still trying to run the ball down in the outfield and I didn't know what to do to get that mule going. Finally I noticed a friend of mine, Crook Adams, leaning against the little fence that ran down the third-base line. I yelled at him to throw me his lighter, and he tossed the big Zippo I knew he always carried. Well, I caught it, lit it up, and then leaned down and applied a good flame to that mule's belly.

For a second nothing happened. That devil mule just kind of snatched his ears back and forth and mouthed his bit and shook his head. But then, just as I thought he'd catch fire, he began to move—and he moved at such a speed that I was barely able to hang on. We went straight through that batter. Right behind it was the catcher on his donkey, the pitcher on his donkey and Mayor Gusman on his donkey. That big mule and I hit them full tilt, and donkeys and pitcher and catcher and mayor went flying in all directions.

And if that wasn't enough confusion, the boys in charge of the fireworks decided it was time to set off the display. That was the last straw for a bunch of arstated, overheated, disgusted mules and donkeys. In about 30 seconds the playing field looked like Custer's Last Stand, with players lying all over the place.

Well, we finally got things calmed down, and the mayor, as mad as he was, declared my run valid, and we won the game 36-35. I thought that was it, and I was feeling pretty good until the fire chief, still looking hurt about my having run out on him, came up and wrote me out a citation for violating the city fire code: attempting to set fire to a mule in the midst of a public gathering.

Ever since, I've always considered it was just that sort of shortsighted thinking that kept donkey baseball from taking its place among the other major sports of our time. **END**

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

OUR OPEN LAND IS CLOSING FAST, AND MEASURES MUST BE TAKEN TO SAVE IT

The wilderness. The backcountry. The out-of-doors. It has long been an American notion that we need to go back to nature at least occasionally to renew ourselves, to restore health or even sanity. Some of our very best literature reflects this idea. Thoreau's *Walden* is a classic, and the expression of one of the ethics Thoreau lived by—"In *Walden* is the preservation of the World"—is among the most often quoted lines in American literature. Implicit in *Huckleberry Finn*, though by many scholars to be the finest American novel, is the idea that while man may often be evil, nature is always good. Hemingway re-states that theme in one of his most admired stories, *Big Two-Hearted River*. In it Nick Adams finds peace by returning alone to the wilderness of the northern Michigan woods to camp and fish. Aldo Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac*—a book probably more widely read than *Walden* these days—prevents outdoor experiences as necessary contrasts to civilization, contrasts that have become more beneficial as technology removes us from the land.

But this retreat to nature, whatever the reason, is becoming very difficult to accomplish. At *Walden Pond*, where Thoreau lived in solitude for two years, 11,000 tourists may now be found on a hot summer afternoon. Huck Finn's Mississippi River is horribly polluted. We are told in *Big Two-Hearted River* that "Nick did not like to fish with other men on the river. Unless they were of your party, they spoiled it." He would have an exceedingly difficult time finding an acceptable place to fish today. And Leopold would be the first to agree that the idea of contrast he espoused is not served by camping vehicles the size of railroad cars or by the trail bikes and snowmobiles that sometimes seem to overrun the countryside.

We are running out of room. Spokesmen for timber companies, mining interests and the like proclaim that there is more than enough wilderness in America. But those who speak on behalf of wilderness point out that while we have 263 designated wilderness areas totaling about 80 million acres, this acreage is roughly equal to the amount of land we have already paved over.

The dilemma of increasing population and decreasing room is compounded by the fact that the most attractive natural places in our country—the wilderness areas, the national parks, the wild and scenic rivers—are deluged with visitors. Ironically, the designations meant to protect these precious areas are responsible in large degree for the pressures

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VIEWPOINT *continued*

these preserves are experiencing: camping by reservation only, traffic jams, littered streams and meadows and steadily mounting crime. The national parks—particularly Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Grand Tetons and the Great Smoky Mountains—have been overcrowded for years. But the real backcountry is relatively crowded these days, too.

Colin Fletcher, author of *The Thousand-Mile Summer*, *The Man Who Walked Through Time* and *The Complete Walker*, says, "Normally I backpack where I know I can remain alone, like the Sierra in the late fall. But I remember one time in the Sierra when I was off the trail going cross-country, and ran into a young couple. They began to say how nice and peaceful it was off the trail, how back on the trail they'd meet 10 people a day, that it was dreadfully crowded. And suddenly I realized that they just kept walking with me, chattering away. Here they were, following me along, talking constantly about how they wanted solitude."

I know the feeling. And it isn't always necessary to run into people to have an experience marred. A couple of years ago I backpacked into some rough and remote country with a friend and my son. Not long after I had joyfully concluded that in all likelihood no humans had been where we were in years, we came across a doe that had been shot and left to rot. A little farther, near a small creek, was a heap of empty cans and shattered whiskey bottles left by the hunting party that had apparently shot the doe. Experiences such as this have become the rule.

Is there a solution? Fletcher says, "Sometimes I think it might be best not to maintain trails—if trees fall across the trail, leave them. Don't make it easier for people, because visitors to the wilderness should pay in the coin of the realm—which is knowing how to do it. When the Yosemite Plan I do deal with overcrowding was being revised, I wrote and said this. I never got any reply."

It isn't at all surprising that Fletcher's letter wasn't answered. Those in charge of what we might broadly call our outdoor recreation areas—the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management—certainly don't want to be accused of catering to so-called elites. In fact, they measure their success largely by the number of users attracted to their facilities and to the sections of the country they administer. Crowds are their tangible proof that they're doing their jobs well.

Therefore, it's generally considered a good thing that America's "wild and scenic" rivers are so popular with rafters and kayakers that permit systems have been instituted to control the hordes. It's necessary to apply months in advance to get clearance to float down a well-known stream like Oregon's Rogue River. Commercial river-running outfits own a majority of the "starts" on the most popular portion of the Rogue, and there is

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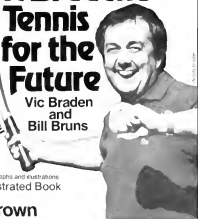
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VIEWPOINT continued

something of a black market in buying, selling, and trading them reminiscent of ticket scalping for the Super Bowl.

Permit system or not, on any reasonably pleasant day from spring through fall, on any floatable stream, from the Colorado River to a nameless mountain tributary with just a few inches of water sliding over gravel, there will be crowds of rafts, inner tubes, canoes or kayaks drifting along. There will be fishermen, too, and the conflicts between river runners and fishermen have become increasingly hostile over the past few years. Shouting matches are common, and fistfights have occurred. The fishermen don't always get along among themselves, either. During salmon runs on the West Coast, bank fishermen and boat fishermen have been known to resort to firearms to resolve their differences. What would Nick Adams think of this?

Even if those of us who seek solitude in nature are sometimes branded as elitists by the people who are determined to measure success in terms of numbers, we can hardly be criticized if we point out that along with the growing crowds in the out-of-doors has come increased crime. Crime in our cities has been publicized—and exploited as an issue by politicians—for years, but crime in the woods and deserts and along the rivers has been largely ignored.

Most obvious and common are crimes against the land itself, which would include the hundreds of tons of litter deposited yearly in campgrounds, national parks and wilderness areas, the crooked caused by four-wheel-drive vehicles and trail bikes, and the millions of dollars' worth of trees that are stolen from our forests. "Thievery has increased phenomenally in the last two years as more households have put in wood stoves," says former Assistant U. S. Attorney Frank A. Wilson. Many of these thieves cut wood only for themselves, but some cut it to sell it \$100 a cord or more. A thief with a trailer can cut off 20 cords at a time, and few wood thieves are ever caught—less than 1%. Wilson estimates. Also, the growing of marijuana on federal land is becoming an enormous problem for the Forest Service.

As more people visit the backcountry—for legal or illegal reasons—the risk of forest fires increases. Most fires are caused by stupidity or carelessness, but hundreds of thousands of acres are burned each year by arsonists, most of whom are never apprehended.

There is nothing new about poaching, but hard economic times have caused it to increase. Fish are illegally netted and dynamited, while hundreds of thousands of deer are shot out of season each year.

In national parks, where the increase in crime has been dramatic, there are not enough rangers to deal with the situation. "It seems to come in a wave whenever the economy gets bad," says Roger Miller of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee.

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BOOKTALK

by KEN EMERSON

A GIANT IN BIRDING LITERATURE TAKES ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AMONG THE BEST

As Boswell tells it, Samuel Johnson, after he had finally dispatched the last page of his famous dictionary, asked the messenger who had conveyed them to his impatient, long-waiting publisher, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the Messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

Even the most casual bird watcher will be thankful for John K. Terres' *The Audubon Society Encyclopedia of North American Birds* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$60). In his introduction, the 75-year-old former editor of *Audubon* magazine and author of six previous books describes the *Encyclopedia* as "a modest attempt to make the fruits of the science of ornithology available to the millions of North Americans who are interested in birds." But there is nothing modest about this prodigious 1,109-page book. Two decades in the making (Johnson's dictionary took less than one), it contains 875 color photographs, almost as many black-and-white illustrations, detailed life histories of 847 birds that have occupied North American airspace, concise biographies of 126 naturalists, plus entries on every conceivable subject of ornithological interest, from the scientific ("ANATOMY: One of four sets of muscles with which bird closes its jaws") to the functional ("SANITARY HABITS: ... shorebirds and terns have been reported leaving their feeding areas in water and going ashore to defecate").

Since the *Encyclopedia* weighs in at eight pounds on my bathroom scale, only a very fit bird-watcher would heave it in his knapsack before tramping the fields. This is not a pocket manual like the ones by Roger Tory Peterson, whose latest, *A Field Guide to the Birds of Eastern and Central North America*, received so much attention last fall that the *Encyclopedia* was scarcely noted when it came out in November. But, just as appreciating an athletic event entails more than knowing the names of the players, there's more to birds than simply identifying them. And it's all in the *Encyclopedia*: how they behave and breed; what they eat in the wild and should be fed in captivity (to keep a rousseau spoonbill's feathers in the pink, slip it some cottage cheese) how they build their nests, how they care for and defend their young.

Any field guide will inform you that the black and white duck bobbing on the bay on a wintry afternoon, the one with the long, spiky tail, is an oldsquaw. Big deal. If you con-

sult the *Encyclopedia* in the evening, however, you'll learn, along with much else, that the oldsquaw's flight speed has been clocked as high as 73 miles per hour, that it can dive underwater to depths of at least 200 feet and that its nicknames include: "Calloo, cockawee, coweren, hound, John Connolly; long-tail; long-tailed duck, old Billy, old granny, old unque; old molly, old wife; quandy; scoldenore; scolder; south-southerly; squeaking duck; swallow-tailed duck; uncle Huidy; water duck."

If it's too cold to venture out of doors, you can browse by the fire and discover in the *Encyclopedia* that birds can literally turn white from fright, shedding their colored feathers and growing white ones in their place, that a colony of cormorants once adorned their nests with pocketknives and harpans the diving birds had salvaged from a sunken ship; and that 36,000 American pigeons served overseas in World War II. One of them, called G.I. Joe, saved an Allied-occupied Italian village from bombing and won the Dickin Medal, which was awarded to animals serving with conspicuous gallantry during wartime.

Never before, perhaps, has so much anecdotal as well as hard-core information been compressed in one book, and the text is beautifully complemented by the photographs. Flying brant are silhouetted against a ghostly full moon. To impress a potential mate, a goldeneye drake comports itself like an Indian yogi. A ravenous young white pelican nearly disappears into the gaping bright-orange pouch of one of its parents. A field sparrow, seemingly one of the drabdest of birds, becomes a suite of subtly modulated scarves. The photographs are not quite all-inclusive—two North American swifts, for instance, those cigar-shaped birds that twitter at twilight, are missing—but the selection and quality are superb.

The *Encyclopedia's* only shortcoming is its extensive detail. While the completeness of the book is one of its strengths, certain aspects of this strength must be called weaknesses. Terres' cross-referencing strewns some entries with too many porpoises. Under *AGE*, for example, one reads, "One of the factors often troubling to people who are concerned about birds and their welfare (see Bird-attracting) is the extreme shortness of the lives of most of them. Enormous hazards face birds (see Accidents), some even before they hatch (see Hatching; Egg-eating). Yet birds do survive surprisingly well (see Nesting; Success and Failure under Nests and Nesting)..." And, is it really necessary to include definitions of CENTIMETER and CENTIGRADE, not to mention convective energies, ALPINE FLORA and ALPINE ZONE, both of which simply advise, "See Tundra"? One also wonders why

Sir Walter Lawry Buller, a New Zealand lawyer and amateur ornithologist after whom a shearwater occasionally found off the Pacific Coast was named, receives as much space as an important American naturalist and writer like John Burroughs.

In all, the *Encyclopedia* could easily have been shortened by a hundred pages or so. But to gripe about that is to look a gift horse in the mouth. And, make no mistake about it, the *Encyclopedia* is a gift. Under *MURDER*, Terres writes of "... an addiction [that is] considered incurable and carries with it a lifetime guarantee against boredom." He might just as well be describing *The Audubon Society Encyclopedia of North American Birds*.

A sample entry on Pelecaniformes from "The Audubon Society Encyclopedia of North American Birds." The book contains the life history of 847 birds, plus 625 ornithological topics.

PELECANIFORMES

(peleh-can-ih-FOR-meez); from Lat. *pelecanus*, a pelican, and *forma*, form, pelican shaped (Coble, 1954). An order (see Order) of 55 species of wide-ranging, temperate and tropical-zone water birds that includes within 6 families the tropicbirds, pelicans, boobies, gannets, cormorants (also called shags), anhingas (also called man-o'-war-birds), and frigatebirds (also called man-o'-war-birds). Members of the Pelecaniformes are the only birds that share in common a *testudinal* foot—that is, all four toes on each foot, including the hind one, or hallux, are united by a web of skin (Wallace, 1961d). See discussion under Feet and Legs.

The Pelecaniformes are an ancient group, dating from remains of a cormorant-like bird discovered in deposits of the Cretaceous Period at least 100 million years old. See Archaeopteryx for discussion of most ancient bird; see also Geological Time Scale. The 6 families of the Pelecaniformes are all represented in N. America. See list of the families under Classification.

All of these birds have short legs and big wings, all are fliers, and most of them swim well but walk poorly. See Swimming and Diving. All have long bills, longer than or about as long as the head, and all, except the tropicbirds, have small nostrils, which sometimes lack an external opening. See discussion of this under Nostrils. Members of the Pelecaniformes usually have a gular pouch, often unfledged (of bare skin), which reaches its greatest development in the pelicans. See Gular Pouch; Nest and Birds. For a discussion of how birds are grouped according to their relationships, see Classification; Morphology; Phylogenetic Relationship. See also Check-list Order.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE SHORT, SECRET LIFE OF GERALD FIDELMAN

"My true name is Ross Eugene Fields." With those words, uttered last week in a Los Angeles courtroom, the boxing promoter hitherto known as Harold J. Smith broke down and cried. Arrested two days earlier in a motor home near Dodger Stadium, Smith—or, rather, Fields—was described in court by federal prosecutors as a "fugitive bad-check and bunco artist" who had left a trail of 109 bogus checks across 30 states. Authorities also said that the woman living as his wife under the name Barbara Newman Smith was an accomplice whose real name was Alice Vicki Darrow.

Fields' arrest—Darrow was still at large—came nine weeks after "Smith's" disappearance following accusations that his organization, Muhammad Ali Professional Sports, had taken part in a \$21.3 million embezzlement at Wells Fargo Bank. Smith had admitted owing the bank at least \$8 million but said the debt was a legitimate loan he intended to pay back with proceeds from an elaborate boxing card scheduled for Feb. 23 at Madison Square Garden. That show was canceled after the disappearance of Smith, who had been known for his free-spending ways—not only in boxing but also as a benefactor of track and field athletes.

Smith's reputation for generosity contrasts sharply with Fields' image as a deadbeat. Fields was on the track team at American University in Washington, D.C. in the 1960s—he was a member of a mile-relay team that won an IC4A indoor title—and after dropping out of school, he somehow wangled permission to use Sammy Davis Jr.'s name on a discotheque he operated in Washington before turning to the promotion of closed-circuit boxing shows. Hit with several bad-check charges, he left Washington. Federal warrants were later issued for both Fields and Darrow. A 1976 FBI poster listing

them as fugitives indicated that Darrow had used a dozen or more aliases. Fields' aliases were fewer but memorable. A black, he was said to have passed himself off as both Gerald Fidelman and Gerald Tishman.

Authorities say Fields took the name Harold J. Smith from a birth certificate issued in North Carolina for a white male. "Smith" went big time four years ago by getting permission to use Muhammad Ali's name on promotions—just as he had ingratiated himself with Sammy Davis Jr. By contrast with the fast-talking, smooth-skinned Fields, Smith was bearded and had a manner associates describe as "laid-back." He was also 50 pounds heavier than Fields had been. It was learned last week that Smith shaved off his beard upon his disappearance in January and insisted on wearing false whiskers during a TV interview he gave while in hiding.

Fields failed to make \$355,000 bond on federal charges of falsifying a passport application and unlawful flight to avoid prosecution; he also faces possible extradition to North Carolina on state warrants for writing bad checks. His attorney, Jennifer L. King, was also indicted in the case on charges of obstructing justice and lying to a grand jury.

The revelation that Harold Smith was really Ross Fields drew expressions of astonishment from, among others, Stanford Track Coach Brooks Johnson, who said he may have seen Smith at meets but never associated him with the Ross Fields he had helped recruit for American University in the '60s. Johnson told SI's Brooks Clark that "there was just no way to hook up the two." But Johnson added that Fields and Smith did share one characteristic. Indisputably, he said, both were "highly motivated individuals."



THE BROWN BOMBER

Just 14 hours before he died of a heart attack Sunday at the age of 66, Joe Louis sat at ringside at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, a frail but attentive spectator at the WBC heavyweight title fight between Larry Holmes and Trevor Berbick. Louis was introduced to the crowd, acknowledging its applause with a practiced wave, and then watched as Holmes outclassed his foe but couldn't put him away. It must have occurred to more than one onlooker that Louis, a vaunted puncher, would have had no such difficulty in the same situation.

Besides a devastating left hand and a reputation as a finisher—as world heavyweight champion from 1937 to 1949 he defended his crown 25 times, scoring 21 knockouts—Louis distinguished himself by conveying a sense of decency and order during a chaotic period of history marked by institutionalized racial bigotry, economic depression and global war. Knocked out in 1936 by Max Schmeling, who was rightly or wrongly regarded as a symbol of Hitler's Germany, Louis made no excuses, but instead avenged himself by knocking out Schmeling in the first round of their rematch two years

later. In much the same way, he voiced few complaints about the marital, financial and physical problems that beset him later on. By maintaining his dignity through it all, even while confined to a wheelchair, Louis inspired some of the same awe that he did when he was relentlessly stalking one foe or another during the dozen years he ruled the ring.

REMATCH

A tip of the hat to Boston's discerning hockey fans, 12,983 of whom turned out on Feb. 26 for the Bruins' 5-1 win over the Minnesota North Stars *continued*

**It's a comfort
for the
Jensens to know
the only
medical expenses
they have
to cover are
the little ones.**





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only to see the game marred by an NHL-record 406 penalty minutes. Last week the North Stars returned to Boston Garden for the first time since that shameful donnybrook for Games 1 and 2 of their opening-round Stanley Cup series against the Bruins. The North Stars won both games on their way toward eliminating the Bruins, and in the process the notion prevalent in the NHL that fighting sells tickets took a terrible beating. The games drew 8,539 and 9,069 fans, respectively.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Lest there be any confusion, basketball fans should be advised that the new 12-cent postal card that will go on sale May 5 does not honor Isaiah Thomas, the star of Indiana's NCAA champions. There's a law against the depiction of living people on U.S. stamps and other postal issues. But the Hoosier star can probably expect some requests to autograph first-day covers of the card, which honors Isaiah Thomas (1749-1831), a Massachusetts postmaster and printer, founder of the American Antiquarian Society and publisher of the first dictionary, first Mother Goose tales and first English-language Bible printed in America.

DRACULA'S REVENGE

For the first time in North American Soccer League history, a goaltender has scored a goal. The feat was achieved on April 5 in Atlanta by the Washington Diplomats' Jim Brown, who in his native Scotland once held a job building caskets, a line of work that, as he tells it, had one agreeable fringe benefit: occasionally, he'd nod off while having lunch in one of the coffins. Another of Brown's distinctions is his nickname, "Dracula," which he acquired because of his hatred of crosses—those annoying pisks into the penalty area that stir goalies from their oftentimes dreamy repose.

But now Brown has also earned recognition as a goal-scoring goaltender. His goal came when, with the score tied 1-1, he got off a punt that sailed nearly the length of the field, then took a high bounce over the head of Atlanta Goaltender Graham Tutt and entered the net. Of his 100-yard goal, which helped the Diplomats to a 3-2 win, Brown said, "I was happy at first, then I started to think about the other goalkeeper and how tough it must have been for him."

What made the goal doubly fluky was

this: Brown played eight games last winter in the NASL's indoor soccer league as a defender and forward. Those are positions at which one should score, especially on the fast, confined surfaces of indoor soccer. Yet during those eight games, Brown didn't get so much as an assist.

ONEJA WU

Year in and year out, the best high school basketball in West Virginia is played in the Kanawha Valley Conference, which comprises a dozen schools in Charleston and its environs. Founded during World War II, the Kanawha Valley has produced such stars as Charleston High's Rod Hundley, who led the conference by averaging 25.4 points per game in 1952 and 33.7 the next season, and East Bank High's Jerry West, who averaged 34.9 in 1956, still the conference record. You've no doubt heard of those two players; but now it's time to meet a couple of other Kanawha Valley stars from the '50s, whose names appear on the rolls of conference scoring champions as follows:

1958 Gary Justice, 23.4

1959 Gay Elmore, 27.9

Strange to say, Justice and Elmore have had a more enduring—and, considered together, certainly more improbable—impact on the conference than Hundley and West. After graduating from Nitro High School (named, like the town in which it's located, after a local nitroglycerine plant), Justice played freshman basketball at the University of Richmond and later had a son, Gary Jr., who also attended Nitro High, class of '80. Elmore, a product of Stonewall Jackson High who played for a while at West Virginia University, also had a son, Gay Jr., who currently attends South Charleston High. And longtime West Virginia high school fans now experience a sense of déjà vu as they contemplate the Kanawha Valley Conference's most recent scoring champions:

1980 Gary Justice, 23.1

1981 Gay Elmore, 25.0

ON THE SUBJECT OF SHAVING

There were reports last week that the FBI is looking into the possibility that unusually large sums of money were bet this past season on two or more Big Eight Conference basketball games. According to those accounts, the FBI was trying to determine whether points were shaved or point spreads otherwise manipulated. In the absence of more specific informa-

tion, Big Eight officials immediately defended the integrity of their players and referees, which is probably as it should be. However, Nebraska Athletic Director Bob Devaney clearly overdid it when he dismissed the possibility that any Cornhuskers may have been involved in wrongdoing by saying, "Our squad wasn't good enough to shave points." Since point shaving has more to do with honest effort than with talent, Devaney's statement was ludicrous.

But then, the subject of shaving points in college basketball often produces rash words. When the sport was rocked by a major point-shaving scandal in 1951, Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp sanctimoniously said, "Gamblers couldn't get at my boys with a 10-foot pole." After several Kentucky stars were implicated in the wadening scandal a few days later, Rupp lamely tried to distinguish the case from baseball's 1919 Black Sox scandal. He said: "The Black Sox threw games, but these kids only shaved points."

The notion that shaving points is less heinous than the outright throwing of games persists to the present day. In fact, when an underdog tries to shave points, it is, by definition, trying to lose. In the case of a favorite, it's possible to shave points and still win. In the process, however, the shavers are giving fans less than their money's worth, betraying their teammates and robbing rivals of authentic competition. In other words, they're cheating. This is why the point-shaving scandal that broke last January at Boston College is so disturbing. It's also why people were hoping last week that there was nothing really amiss in the Big Eight Conference.

THEY SAID IT

• Larry Cole, newly retired Dallas Cowboy defensive tackle, asked about the 11-year hiatus between his third and fourth NFL touchdowns: "Anyone can have an off decade."

• U.L. Washington, Kansas City Royal shortstop, explaining that his initials don't stand for anything: "I would change it, but my momma and daddy must have had something in mind when they gave me the name."

• Barry Beck, New York Ranger defenseman, asked who started a bench-clearing brawl in last week's Stanley Cup playoff game against the Los Angeles Kings: "We have only one person to blame, and that's each other."

END

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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 30, 1981

TRUE GRIT





AT AUGUSTA

Tom Watson had his troubles—notably with the trap at the 17th hole—but when it counted, he clung grimly to a slim lead and held off Jack Nicklaus to win his second Masters

by **DAN JENKINS**

CONTINUED

After all of the excitement and insanity of a highly unusual Masters that looked both old and new at the same time, Tom Watson brought it to a calm conclusion last Sunday on the Augusta National course by taking us on a tour of his golf bag over the late and crucial holes, those holes that make the best calendar art and are slowly etching Watson into the history of the Old South alongside generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Nicklaus. When it came down to winning his second Masters and his fifth major championship, Watson hit a variety of shots as beautifully as any human can hit them. This was the only way he

could stave off the challenges of Jack Nicklaus, his co-star in the drama, and Johnny Miller, the best supporting player. Nobody gave Watson this Masters, as bizarre as some of its moments were. In the final hour he held on to a threadbare lead by playing brilliantly over water, out of sand and across a new set of greens that were slicker than the top of Sam Snead's head.

The manic action of Saturday's third round had revived the Watson-Nicklaus Show that had previously played to smash-hit notices in Augusta, Ga. and Turnberry, Scotland and had left Watson with a one-stroke lead over Nick-

The putt at 18 that closed out Watson's triumph may have been short, but his grin was a mile wide.



After a drop at T3 Sunday, a fine chip saved par.

laus with 18 holes to go. It was this lead Watson had to protect on Sunday, particularly over the last nine, where danger so often lurks and where the tournament is so often claimed or given away.

Over those final holes, with Nicklaus forever present and threatening and with Miller already "in the house" with a closing 68 and a six-under-par total of 282, here, in evence, is what Tom Watson did to win.

He rammed home an avastin of an eight-footer for a par 3 at the tortuous 12th hole; he saved his par 5 at the 13th with the finest pitch shot anybody ever hit over a creek and under the circumstances, he birdied the par-5 15th with two putts after mauling in solid a four-wood into a breeze and over blue water as he has ever struck, the ball landing like a butterfly and settling into the fat part of the green, and he saved his par 4 at the 17th with a glorious bunker shot on the same hole and from the same sand that had done him in the day before.

Happiness is knowing you can bogey the last hole and still win the Masters, but Watson was too much in control of his game to bogey the 18th at Augusta. He parred it by driving safely into the left center of the fairway, hitting an equally safe five-iron to the green and comfortably two-putting from 30 feet. When he raised his arms in victory, he had shot a one-under 71 for the day, and his eight-under total of 280 gave him a two-stroke edge over Nicklaus and Miller.

"I was so nervous today, I was about to jump out of my skin," Watson said afterward. "But when nobody made a real strong run at me early, it helped me settle down and just try to play good golf shots."

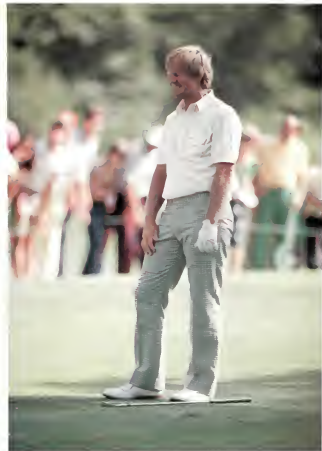
Many of Watson's fans might have been happier if he had been nervous enough to jump out of his Fila golf shirt, a model he has worn lately because of a lucrative contract. It's a shirt favored by people who fancy a skimpy, flat collar, and during the week Watson took some brutal kidding about it. "If you can win the Masters in those shirts," he was told, "it will be the greatest accomplishment since Jack won 19 majors."

One of the fascinating aspects of the tournament is that Saturday got mixed up with Sunday. It was on Saturday that Nicklaus lost a four-shot lead on the field and Watson's name went to the top. All of this occurred in the most unlikely of ways, and all of it was done by Watson and Nicklaus themselves.

What happened is that Watson picked up eight strokes on Nicklaus over a stretch of only eight holes, and then Nicklaus picked up four strokes on Watson over a stretch of only two holes. It seemed as if they had separately gone all the way to Atlanta and back and would somehow wind up in the same place, which was tied for the lead through 54 holes. But Nicklaus completed his round by missing a short putt on the last green. That was the place where Jack really started losing and Tom started winning the tournament.

The key hole in the drama of the eight-shot swing on Saturday was the 12th, where Nicklaus, holding only half of the four-shot lead he had forged on Friday, suddenly and quite shockingly hit a six-iron into Rae's Creek and took a double bogey. Rattled, and aware by the noise of the crowd that Watson was probably doing great things ahead of him, Nicklaus hit Rae's Creek again just up the line at 13 for a bogey. Meanwhile, Watson indeed was birdieing 13, 14 and 15 to go four up on Nicklaus. The next key hole of the afternoon was the 17th, where Watson landed in the front bunker and then three-putted for a different type of double bogey, but one as sudden and shocking as Nicklaus'. The result of that, combined with Nicklaus' birdies on 15 and 16, was a four-shot swing.

Before Nicklaus and Watson began go-



Though Nicklaus had a round of 65, poor putting one day and two big errors on another frustrated him.

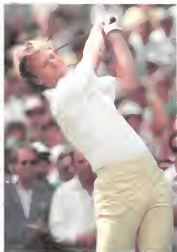
ing for Augusta's throat, agronomy dominated conversation at the Masters, as it often does. This year's scientific discourse focused on the new bent-grass greens, which had been installed over the winter. The subject was especially hot on Thursday, which ended in a four-way tie among Miller, Curtis Strange, Lon Hinkle and an Australian making his Masters debut, Greg Norman. They fired three-under 69s, the highest score to lead an opening round at Augusta in years. As if the reseeded and faster greens were

not giving the players enough trouble, the course was even more difficult because several pin placements were "hanging on the cliffs," as Nicklaus put it.

These greens will gradually become as fast as Augusta's thin rye greens were in the days of Ben Hogan and Sam Snead and Byron Nelson. While they aren't that swift yet, they were different, and even a veteran like Nicklaus was, in a sense, seeing a new golf course. The putts on every hole were breaking more severely than they ever had before. Putts continued



Norman's hopes for conquest were all but drained away by this errant shot at the 10th hole Sunday



Miller at 282 came in second for a third time

MASTERS continued

that once broke six inches were breaking as much as a foot and a half. The short ones were especially treacherous. Nothing could be taken for granted. There were no tap-ins out there and it became common to see a competitor survey a one-footer from four different angles and then stand over the ball like a statue.

Nicklaus shot a 70 on Thursday, despite requiring 34 puts. He described the day as probably the best tee-to-green round he had ever played at Augusta—and this from the man who had won the tournament five times. "If I'd putted," said Nicklaus, "I'd be leading by five."

The new greens affected play in another way. They curved some shots hit with backspin to kick backward a lot more than the players intended. Golfers saw shots veer off into bunkers and worse. Jerry Pate, playing in an early twoosome, arrived at the par-5 15th two under par. The wind had forced him to lay up short of the green in two. He struck what he thought was a beautiful wedge to the pin, which was sitting on the front of the green, on a cliff just above a pond.

The ball hooked off the putting surface and into the water.

Pate, who has a bit of a temper anyhow, was livid. And it did nothing to improve his attitude when he saw Harry Easterly of the USGA, who was officiating at the 15th, go dashing over to the spot where the ball had entered the water and mark the place with a tee.

What Pate said to Easterly upon arriving on the scene was, in effect, "Hurry, I've played a round of golf before. I know where the damn ball went in, and I know where to drop it. Now get out of my way or I'll throw you in the lake."

The least fortunate player on Thursday was Ken Fergus, but what happened to him had nothing to do with the greens. He was sailing along three under par on the 17th hole when he lifted his ball from a gallery crossway, thinking it was ground under repair because it was marked off with white lines. On the PGA tour, crossways are marked off with white lines and you get a free drop. But this is the Masters and local rules. Augusta National's own rules, prevail. An official some distance away had seen Fergus pick up the ball and hit it, and informed Fergus that he'd be penalized a stroke for lifting the ball and two more for not replacing it, for a total of three.

"I did the same thing on 8," Fergus volunteered.

"That's three more," said the official. "Six in all."

"I can add," said Fergus.

Fergus took 70 shots—two under—to get around on Thursday, but he scored a 76. Later he would calculate that those six penalty shots cost him a guaranteed invitation to next year's Masters. The first 24 finishers get to come back, no matter what. Fergus finished tied for 37th; without the six-stroke penalty, he'd have come in tied for 19th.

Friday was Jack Nicklaus Day. If he had turned in opening-round 65 into a 70 on Thursday because he couldn't putt, he turned about a 74 into a 65 on Friday because he could putt and chip with his Phil Rodgers method, which, as far as aesthetics go, produces the image of a man using a post-hole digger. In getting his four-stroke lead on the field through 36 holes, Nicklaus putted on the front nine and chipped on the back. He birdied four holes in a row, the 4th through the 7th, by rolling in putts of one foot, 20 feet, 17 feet and 20 feet, respectively. Sud-

denly, the new greens were no longer a big mystery of a big story.

Then on the back nine, down and around good old Amen Corner, Nicklaus began spraying iron shots all over the place. He had to call on his trusty chipping clubs to get up and down for pars at the 10th, 11th and 12th holes. From where he put himself he deserved three biceps, but he made pars by chipping close enough to sink the putts. His best chip then came at the par-5 13th, a nasty little shot that had to hump and run, and he put it three feet from the cup for a birdie. In all, he one-putted seven greens on the back side, three of them for birdies.

Nicklaus was also the straight man for the biggest press-room laugh on Friday. There were four million typists and broadcastlers to greet him in the interview area after his 65. Nicklaus took his seat at the microphone and looked at the crowd with obvious satisfaction and said, "Well, there are a few more people here today than there were yesterday."

At which point Art Spander of the San

Francisco Examiner said, "We're waiting for Greg Norman."

Nicklaus finally laughed, too—after a steely pause.

Greg Norman? Well, he had the most colorful hair and background in the Masters, and he was very much in the tournament from start to finish, winding up in fourth place. Norman is a long-hitting Aussie with hair as golden as most surfers', which is what he used to be. He also used to be an Australian rules football player, and he didn't take up golf until he was 17. He is both long off the tee and straight for a big hunter, but his one wild drive into the woods on the 10th hole Sunday cost him a double-bogey 6 and kept him from being an even larger figure in the drama. Norman will be heard from on the U.S. tour.

At Augusta, he was this year's foreign celeb, Severiano Ballesteros having been last year's by winning. Seve missed the cut this time along with such other dignitaries as Lee Trevino, Andy Bean, Ed Sneed and Larry Nelson, who was fresh from winning at Greensboro. All Nor-

man missed was a dye job on his hair to tone down the glare.

In retrospect, one thing was rather predictable. The new-old Augusta National was playing so tough because of the speedier and more mysterious putting surfaces that it was almost a lock that only a seasoned and multitalented golfer would win the '81 Masters. Except for Norman, familiar names populated the scoreboard all four days, and the two most familiar of all, Watson and Nicklaus, settled the issue with their own private melodrama stretched over a 36-hole stage.

Watson thought he won because on Sunday, the day that always counts the most, he never hit two really bad shots in a row. Exactly. After he came off a four-iron and landed in the creek on the 13th, he saved his par despite the penalty shot by deftly laying a wedge shot to within five feet of the cup and stirring down the putt. Grace under pressure, they call it. Last Sunday, Watson and grace were lovebirds, strolling hand-in-hand through the Georgia pines. **END**

Jack Newton: the Aussie who finished in a tie for second in '80 took a tour of the azaleas behind the 13th hole this year and missed the cut by four strokes





Gretzky rattled the Canadiens with 11 points.

YOUNGER, TOUGHER, SMARTER

Faced by Wayne Gretzky, the Oilers beat the Canadiens every which way in a three-game sweep **by E.M. SWIFT**

No matter what happens in the rest of the Stanley Cup playoffs, it's difficult to imagine a more startling and uplifting series than Edmonton's opening-round three-game sweep of Montreal. The rout came to an end Saturday night in Edmonton, where the Oilers won 6-2. The series was inspiring not just to Edmonton's players and fans, who only two years ago were treated by the NHL establishment as leprosy stepchildren from the WHA, but also to all who enjoy seeing tradition get its cage rattled by unbridled youthful exuberance.

New blood? Oh how the NHL needed it. Led by the 29-year-old Wunderkind, Center Wayne Gretzky, the Oilers, 14th in the regular-season standings, out-worked, outskated and outthought a Montreal team that had won four of the first five Stanley Cups and had finished an embarrassing third in the league this season. Seven Oilers had never even been in the playoffs before, and six were still young enough to play junior hockey. A group of kids, really, whipping the likes of Guy Lafleur, Larry Robinson and Serge Savard. Not just beating them—but this is what was hardest to absorb—but making the Canadiens quit. They forced this veteran, dynasty team not only to its knees, but also onto its back.

Doesn't that also mean in the NHL, better this? "Gretzky said after Edmonton's second straight win in the Montreal Forum and the one that sent the Canadiens into progressive rigor mortis: Gretzky, who finished the series with three goals and eight assists, didn't quite believe it himself. He was wearing his Peter Pan pin and throwing winks around the locker room as if, aw shucks (wink) the whole thing had just been luck. He looked more like a kid who had just gotten a hole in one off a topped three-wood than the magician whose sleight of puck had made shambles of what little game plan Montreal had. Gretzky's domination was so complete that when he was on the ice and the teams

were even-strength, Edmonton outscored Montreal 11-0.

Physically, the Canadiens were healthier than they had been all year. But mentally they were rotten-ripe, too long together, having spent too many years depending on Lafleur, their forward extraordinaire, to score the impossible goal when they needed it most. But this time Lafleur failed them. They looked to him, and Lafleur, feeling that Montreal Coach Claude Ruel had failed him, looked to the exits. "I don't know if he was sick or not," said Edmonton's 19-year-old defenseman, Paul Coffey, who scored a goal in every game. "But that sure wasn't the Lafleur I used to watch on television."

Because the Canadiens were such prohibitive favorites, the series was billed as little more than a Gretzky vs. Lafleur exhibition. My star's better than your star. Montreal Goaltender Richard Sevigny predicted that "Lafleur will put Gretzky in his back pocket." But as the headline in Montreal's *La Presse* read following the Oilers' 3-1 win in Game 1: GRETZKY SET FOR 11 CANADIEN DYNASTY SAVORING. Gretzky was on the ice for all the Edmonton goals and assisted on five of them. After the last one, he skated by Sevigny, putting himself in the vicinity of where his back pocket would be.

But the key play of the game—indeed, of the entire series—was not made by Gretzky but by Left Wing Dave Hunter, who hammered Lafleur with a clean body check early in the first period. After that, Lafleur did one of the all-time great disappearing acts, and Oilers Coach Glen Sather made certain that Hunter was on the ice every time. The flower was Sather had told his players that if they could take it to Montreal for the opening 30 minutes of the first game, the Forum crowd would get on the home team. Sure enough, when Gretzky picked up his third assist late in the first period and Edmonton took a 3-1 lead, the crowd began to cheer him and jeer at the Canadiens.

Montreal was obviously unprepared

While Sather had his Oilers spend hours studying films of the Canadiens—how they come up the ice on the power play, how they break out of the zone, how Sevigny drops to his knees on shots from all angles and distances—Montreal Coach Claude Ruel got his team ready by feuding publicly with Defenseman Guy Lapointe, who complained bitterly of too little ice-time. "I wouldn't hesitate to say there were 10 guys on our team that Montreal knew nothing about," said Oiler Assistant Coach Billy Harris. Although, as the home coach, Ruel made the last line changes, he failed to use this prerogative to the Canadiens' advantage. It was one of the most miserable coaching exhibitions in the long history of miserable NHL coaching. All night long Ruel threw Lafleur out against Hunter and in the last two periods kept his best defensive center, Doug Jarvis, on the bench as Gretzky walked about the ice.

"Sure he's great; he will be the player of the '80s," Lafleur said of Gretzky the morning after the first game. "If you let him skate, he can do anything. But if you take the man, check him, it will slow him down like they did to me last night."

On the afternoon of Game 2, Savard went into Ruel's office and suggested that because the Oilers' strategy was obviously to intimidate Lafleur, the Canadiens should respond in kind. He proposed that Ruel move Robinson up to left wing to play with Lafleur and Chris Nilan, Montreal's toughest forward, to show that the Canadiens meant business. Not only did Ruel disregard his captain's suggestion, he didn't even dress Nilan.

Fortunately for the Oilers, Sather dressed a 21-year-old goaltender named Andy Moog (pronounced Moag), who had only seven games of NHL experience before starting the playoff opener. Moog is short and dumpy and he looks like a choirboy. The way he plays is another matter, for he combines the butterfly style of a Tony Esposito with the amazing hands and rebound control of a Ken Dryden. Still, it was a shocker when Sather started him in place of veteran Gary Edwards.

After his steady performance in Game 1, Moog was superb in Game 2.



In Game 2, which was only his sixth in the NHL, Moog kicked out 40 of 41 shots by the Canadiens

turning aside 40 of 41 shots, controlling rebounds and keeping the Canadiens from delivering the early KO they so desperately sought. Instead, it was Edmonton that broke on top; five minutes into the first period, Coffey snapped a long shot over Sevigny. It was a big goal, sapping Montreal's momentum and giving the young Oilers some breathing room. In the second period the teams traded goals, and then, late in the third, Gretzky picked up a loose puck and sent Jari Kurri in alone. Kurri, too, beat Sevigny up high, and Edmonton had a 3-1 win.

That, in effect, was the series. Even the Forum fans knew it. They also were uplifted by the exuberant Oilers. Sick and tired of the malaise that had slowed the Canadiens for most of the season and certainly in this series, they rose to applaud the Edmonton team as it mobbed Moog at center ice. Yes, the fans were saying, that is how the game should be played.

It was a spiritless Montreal team that arrived in Edmonton for the third game, a club that had quit on its coach and was playing in awe of the irrepressible Gretzky. "All we've been doing is panicking when Gretzky's on the ice," said Center Keith Acton.

Gretzky scored three of the Oilers six goals in Game 3. Trailing 4-2 going into the third period, the Canadiens couldn't even muster a death kick. Edmonton, meanwhile, was skating, working, checking—and yapping. Having fun. Telling the Montreal players to get into the game. Come on, guys, get with it! "We didn't show them any respect," said Oiler Defenseman Kevin Lowe, 22, who grew up in Montreal and had idolized Robinson as a youth. "Near the end I felt bad about all the abuse we were giving them. But you just can't let them get started."

They never did. Lafleur, who finally got an assist in the finale, was more upset, hurt and shaken afterward than anyone could ever remember having seen him. "I'm not bionic," he said. "Hockey sticks hurt me, too." No más. He'd had enough. So had all the Canadiens. Enough of a 14th-place team of former WHA kids who simply refused to be awed by the Canadiens' mystique. As Montreal Center Doug Risebrough told Sather when the victorious coach came over to offer condolences, "You certainly made believers out of us, Slaty."

Youth can do that sometimes. **END**



Although he was a rightfielder for San Diego, Winfield plays left for the Yankees, a position that keeps him in close touch with some old New York horses who

TAKING A RUN AT MONUMENTAL SUCCESS

Only the harshest skeptics in attendance at Dave Winfield's New York debut failed to be favorably impressed by the Yankees' \$20 Million Man

by JIM KAPLAN

Standing amid a swarm of reporters last week, 6' 6" Dave Winfield looked like Gulliver in Lilliput. He felt as burdened as Gulliver, too. "I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body." That was Gulliver talking. "Sometimes I've got to cut you off. I've got to hit. I've got to field. I've got to throw. I've

formance the object of intense scrutiny. People are calling him the \$20 Million Man and demanding that he earn every penny of that amount.

It didn't matter that over the last four years he averaged .292, 26 homers, 99 runs batted in and 159 games, had won two Gold Gloves and had batted .364 in his four All-Star appearances; coming into the season he hadn't been cutting it as a Yankee. In spring training, a pressing Winfield had batted .212, with 10 strikeouts, no homers and only nine RBIs in 85 at bats. So last Thursday 55,123 fans, the largest Opening Day crowd in the history of Yankee Stadium, and about 250 media people, the most at a Stadium lid-lifter since the place was reopened in 1976, studied his every move. It was as if the whole state of Missouri had descended on the Bronx with one idea in mind: Show me.

Winfield did. While the Yankees were beating Texas 10-3, he had two singles and two walks in five at bats and showed his moxie by dumping Shortstop Mario Mendoza with a nifty hook slide.

Although the public might not have forgiven a poor early performance, history would have. Virtually every heralded player who has joined the Yankees in recent years started off poorly. Pitcher Catfish Hunter, the first millionaire free agent, had an 0-3 record and a 7.27 earned-run average after his first four starts in 1975. Two years later Right-fielder Reggie Jackson, the prize pick of the first re-entry draft, hit .194 in his first eight games. In 1978 Reliever Goose Gossage, another free agent brought in to outrank the popular bullpen ace, Spunky Lyle, allowed three homers in his first four outings, three of them losses, and didn't pick up a save during April. And in 1980 Catcher Rick Cerone, obtained in a trade with Toronto to replace the late Thurman Munson, batted .150 in his first five games.

"There was a lot of pressure I wasn't used to," recalls Cerone. "The media coverage was one source of it, and my coming from nearby, in New Jersey, was another. I was expected to answer questions, make appearances and run around doing things for friends. And I made things worse by pressing too much."

"That was it, pressing, trying to do things you aren't capable of," says Gossage. "Everybody loved Spunky, and I

was taking work away from him. When I lost a bunch of games right off, people were mad as hell. I finally hit rock bottom the day I threw away two batted balls in Toronto. I didn't want anything hot to me by then. I felt like I was in a straitjacket. The mechanical man. Afterward, I sat staring at my locker with a beer in my hand. Reggie and Catfish came over and told me not to worry, that they'd been through it, too."

But the pressure on Winfield is even heavier because of the size of his contract. "People didn't expect of me what they expect of Dave," says Cerone. "I was supposed to catch and throw, and if I hit, fine. The pressure on Dave is unreal. I read in the papers that he's being paid \$8,500 a game, and that he'd

Winfield was finding pleasure under pressure



have been immortalized on stadium plaques.

got to think." That was Winfield talking.

On Dec. 15, the former San Diego rightfielder became the Yankee leftfielder in a historic switch of leagues, positions and income brackets. With cost-of-living escalators, Winfield's 10-year contract could bring him \$23 million. Even without them, he is assured of at least \$15 million, making his deal the biggest in the history of sport and his per-

better hit homers for that. Someone else said that because Dave's being paid three times as much as Reggie he'd better hit three times as well. That's impossible. How's he supposed to hit 120 homers?"

In Florida, Winfield seemed to be trying to live up to such unfeasonable

expectations. Swinging at bad pitches, he left 26 men in scoring position, the most for any Yankee. "I told him to relax and play his own game," says First Baseman Bob Watson, Winfield's best friend on the team, "but your mental side is one thing and your human another." Open-

ing Day was a chance to start anew. "He just has to experience it and get through it," said New York's rookie manager, Gene Michael. Gossage was more explicit. "I just hope," he said, "that Dave gets off to a good start."

And he did. When Winfield walked on five pitches in the first inning, he made a believer out of Texas Catcher Jim Sundberg. "Today we had to throw him strikes," said Sundberg, whose team faced the Yankees five times in spring training. "He was much more selective than in Florida."

Winfield fled out to center in the third, but in the fifth he passed another significant test. Most pitchers try to jam him with inside fastballs because, like many big men, he has trouble getting around on them. But when Jon Matlack got one in on Winfield's fists, Winfield inside-outted the pitch to rightfield for a single. On the advice of New York's esteemed batting coach, Charley Lau, Winfield has moved back from the plate, the better to extend his arms on inside pitches.

Soon after the hit, Winfield drew applause again. Advancing to second on a Watson grounder, he took his customary gargantuan "nine strides and a slide," and plowed into Mendoza, breaking up the double play.

Winfield got his second hit in the seventh when he anticipated a changeup from former University of Minnesota teammate Steve Comer and slapped the ball into center. But, once again, it was what Winfield did after the hit that illustrated what a fine all-round player he can be.

When Watson singled up the middle, Winfield moved effortlessly—automatically, really—to third. Tony Kubek, the old Yankee shortstop, said, "You get to the Hall of Fame on hitting and pitching statistics, which are variables, but it's the constants that win games: Running without using a coach, fielding, throwing. Winfield's great at constants. Sometimes he'll take an extra out away from the other team with his fielding, by holding a man to a single and setting up a double play, and sometimes he'll give the Yankees an extra out by taking second with that quick start he gets out of the batter's box. Remember, this guy was drafted by four pro leagues in three sports. He's worth every penny."

Winfield's seventh-inning single initiated a five-run outburst that put the game out of Texas' reach. In the eighth, Win-

continued



By being selective, Winfield forced the Texas pitchers to throw strikes, which he chased for base hits.



Winfield's aggressive base running—"nine strides and a slide"—bowled over Shortstop Mendoza.

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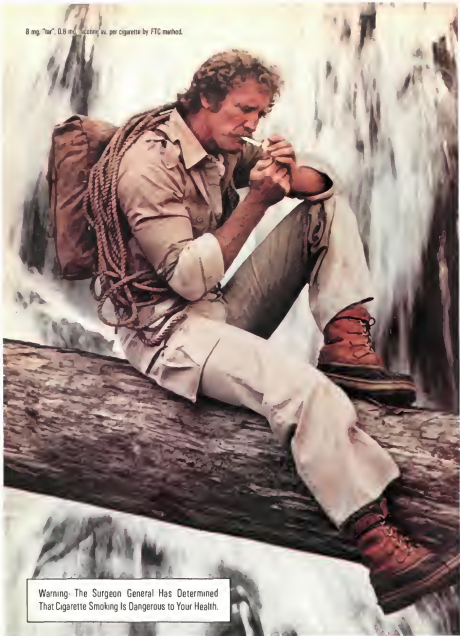
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field worked Reliever Charlie Hough for a walk on a 3-2 pitch.

Having broken with the recent Yankee past with his Opening Day performance, Winfield can now look forward to conforming to history as the season unfolds. His predecessors recovered quickly from their poor starts. Hunter was 23-14 at the end of his first year in New York. Jackson hit .286 with 32 homers and 110 RBIs, and was the Most Valuable Player in the 1977 World Series. Gossage had a 2.01 ERA and a league-leading 27 saves. And Cerrone had by far his best offensive stats—.277, 14 homers, 85 RBIs.

Since purchasing the Yankees in 1973, George Steinbrenner had signed eight million-dollar free agents before Winfield. Of that group—Hunter, Jackson, Gossage, Watson and pitchers Don Gullett, Rawly Earwick, Tommy John and Rudy May—only Earwick did poorly. The others didn't just have good first years, they had excellent ones. That's a record that deviates wildly from the experience most teams have had with free agents: 19 of the 43 players who have gotten contracts worth \$1 million or more had off years in their first seasons with their new clubs.

Could it be that New York is an easy place to break in? "There's a lot of pressure here, but it's the kind of pressure that good athletes respond well to," says Cerrone. "We have good years because the Yankees get quality players, and they get quality players because they have so many full-time scouts [about 25] and spend about \$4 million a year on player development," adds Gossage. May has another explanation. "The reason we do well," he says, "is that we've got a good team. I'm a mediocre player on a mediocre team, a good player on a good team."

Winfield will undoubtedly benefit from playing on a good team. After his auspicious debut, he was surrounded by numerous reporters, but so were the winning pitcher, John, "Shortstop Bucky Dent, who had a three-run homer, and Pinch Hitter Bobby Murcer, who belted a grand slam.

The Opening Day fans greeted Winfield with few boos and generally mild applause. Those closest to him in the left-field stands had mixed feelings. Fourteen-year Harlemites presented what seemed to be representative opinions. "I heard he doesn't hit that good," said Robert Green. "They could've got two players for the price of one—Sutton for

\$3.5 million and Lynn for \$3 million." Chimed in John Espinosa, "He's a Yankee, so I'll cheer for him, but I want him to prove he's worth the money." Manny Velez didn't think Winfield would be worth it. And Noel Rodriguez couldn't wait to move back to a seat in the rightfield bleachers when Jackson recovers from an injury that has him on the disabled list until this weekend. Other fans were more optimistic. Charlie Stetz, a Long Islander, thought Winfield would give the Yankees some needed righthanded hitting. But no matter how they felt about Winfield, they weren't ignoring him. "He's George Steinbrenner's pocketbook in action," said George Meredith, a Connecticut advertising copywriter.

"The fans here are terrific," said Winfield. "They live and breathe baseball, and they came out today despite the fact the weather was lousy. I'm willing to work hard and pay my dues. Hey, what I'm going through here is nothing compared to what I went through last year in San Diego. The first day I went out on the field, I got booed. As far as they were concerned, I was going to fail seven out of 10 times, not succeed three out of 10.

"But that's all behind me. So is spring training. That's only important if you're trying to make the team or get a contract. Everything's ahead. There'll be good days and bad days, but mostly good."

True to his word, Winfield had a good day Saturday as the Yankees won again, 5-1. He had one single, was robbed of another and made more points with the fans by easily stealing second on a head-first slide (He lost a point or two with Michael, though, who chastised him for running on his own with power-hitter Oscar Gamble up.)

Because Winfield's power is to right center and left center, he probably won't hit many homers in Yankee Stadium. The Yankees don't expect him to, nor by all appearances do they need him to. "This is the best New York team I've been on," said Gossage.

Winfield has another major media event ahead. That will come when Jackson, who has been out with a torn tendon in his right calf, returns. Winfield is too smart to have made any of Jackson's early mistakes. He hasn't proclaimed himself the straw that stirs the drink. But Jackson says the atmosphere Winfield



While Dave W. debuted, Rogge J. rehabilitated

has entered is also different. "The club is used to high-salaried free agents now," he said between treatments at the Yankees' Fort Lauderdale spring training base last week. "The guys are more willing to accept a new man."

Jackson and Winfield have little in common. Jackson lives in Manhattan, longs for the spotlight and issues headline-making quotes. Winfield lives in Fort Lee, N.J., gives compliant if somewhat nervous interviews and says little that will qualify for Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. Asked why he is succeeding in April when he failed in March, he said, "I was ready when the bell rang."

What Jackson and Winfield do share is an interest in a favorable image. And like Jackson, Winfield defies easy labeling. On Opening Day he wore boots and a cowboy hat. The day before he had arrived for practice in a business suit, fresh from a meeting of his charitable organization, the David M. Winfield Foundation. Reporters caught him stashing dollar bills inside his socks. This is the 29-year-old millionaire breezing into Gotham? "I don't always stuff dollars into my socks," he said, a little testily.

Winfield was more comfortable discussing baseball. "Call it incentive," he said. "I've had success on the diamond and at the bargaining table. Now I want it as part of a team. You don't get respect until you play for a winner. If we get through the year all right and my play is acceptable, I'll let you call me a Yankee." If it's not, he'll be called plenty of other things. **END**

THANK HEAVEN FOR DANNY

His sublime basketball career at BYU over, Danny Ainge has been declared the messiah at third for the Blue Jays

by JACK MCCALLUM

Setting: Heaven's gate, decades from now. St. Peter clutches a clipboard and nervously checks his watch. A crowd of dignitaries and a group of cherubic cheerleaders wearing white sweaters emblazoned with the letter A are also on hand. Two older men wearing varsity sweaters stand patiently at St. Peter's side. St. Peter calls for quiet. The sound of a basketball being dribbled off in the distance is heard. It gets closer until, suddenly, a tall, thin figure with a boyish face and wearing a Toronto Blue Jays cap appears out of the clouds.

ST. PETER: Danny Ainge! How are you, my son? We've been waiting for you.

AINGE [shyly]: Thank you.

ST. PETER: Got a lot of your old Brigham Young teammates up here, Dan. A few Blue Jays, too.

AINGE: That's nice to hear.

ST. PETER: We wanted to arrange a thematic kind of thing for you, maybe some sort of BYU reunion, but they like to keep things nonsectarian up here.

AINGE: Oh. I wouldn't have wanted any special...

ST. PETER: Now one thing that I was able to get through the board was a little cheering section [pointing to the girls]. I call them [grandly] Danny's Ainge-els!



Aunge-els, you get it? Not bad, eh?
AUNGE: It's very kind, sir, very kind.

ST. PETER [pointing to the two older men]: And, Danny, here are two gentlemen I want you to meet, Frank Merriwell and Jack Armstrong. They'd like to—how do you say?—slap five with you. AUNGE [shaking hands with them]: You're the guys sportswriters kept confusing me with. I'm glad to meet you.

SA. PETER [leading Aunge away]: Well, come along. We've got a press confer-

ence at one—there are a few journalists up here, believe it or not—and a speech at two. We'd like you to speak on "How I Best Notre Dame." You'd be surprised at how many people up here want to hear that one. Then an infield clinic at three and a jump-shot clinic at . . .

If you think heaven can hardly wait for Danny Aunge, you should have seen the Blue Jays earlier this spring. Four weeks into spring training, the third baseman

Toronto Vice-President Pat Gillick calls "the next Brooks Robinson" hadn't even caught a pop fly, much less charged a swinging bunt and whipped a throw to nab somebody by an eyelash at first.

The day the Blue Jays opened spring training, Aunge was leading Brigham Young's basketball team to an 80-69 victory over Colorado State. The day the Jays opened their Grapefruit League schedule, Aunge was practicing for the NCAA playoffs. The day the Jays played their fifth exhibition game, Aunge was scoring 37 points in a victory over UCLA. The day the Jays played their 10th game, Aunge wrote himself into the NCAA history books by beating Notre Dame on a frantic, full-court drive. But last Thursday, the day Toronto opened the 1981 season, Aunge was right where the Blue Jays wanted him, starting at third base against Detroit.

Aunge's performance in Toronto's 6-2 loss was unevenful—0 for 3, with a walk, and no chances in the field. But it was remarkable that he was even in the lineup after just 10 Grapefruit League at bats. The original plan was for him to stay in Florida to work on his hitting and join the team in late April. But Aunge had been in camp only four days when he cornered Manager Bobby Mattick and told him he was ready to start an exhibition game. Like magic, the next day's lineup card read "Aunge, 3B." Aunge had three hits in his 10 at bats and fielded well, too, so Mattick and Gillick decided he was ready.

"I'd spent an hour and a half every day just hitting down there," says Aunge. "Compared to the spring training I'd had before [none], it was real concentrated, real good work. They thought I looked comfortable at the plate and I was. I wanted to be in there Opening Day."

For a while, it looked as if Aunge wasn't even going to make it to Florida before Opening Day. The season began only 18 days after BYU lost to Virginia 74-60 in the NCAA Eastern Regional final, but just 10 days after Aunge's first appearance in spring training. Instead of reporting right away, he and his wife, Michelle, spent a week in New York City, seeing a movie (*The Devil and Max*)

Soon after his transcript performance against Notre Dame, Aunge was taking grounders in Florida.





Ange's angels: daughter Ashlee and wife Michelle whom he married when they were sophomores

Devlin) and a musical (*A Chorus Line*) while Ange waited to receive Kodak's player of the year award, voted to him by the college coaches. After the Kodak presentation he played in an all-star game in Philadelphia on the Sunday between the NCAA semifinals and final. Through all this, the Toronto management remained very understanding.

"We felt it was something we owed to [BYU Basketball Coach] Frank Arnold," says Gillick. "He really wanted Danny to play in the all-star game because it was good exposure for the BYU program. We've had such good cooperation over the years that we let him do it." Ange for his part couldn't understand why anyone would be upset. "I don't know how my teammates could complain about it too much," he said before heading south. "They've had the whole winter to sit back and think about the upcoming season. I think it's only natural that I take a little time off after a long basketball season to get excited about baseball."

On Monday, March 30, Ange finally arrived at the Blue Jays' camp in Dun-

edin, Fla. to meet management, teammates, press and the bat and glove he hadn't touched since the previous September. After sitting up at 3 p.m., he walked to the press room and spent the next hour answering questions. Meanwhile, the good-natured Matlick was chafing to get him outside to play baseball. Finally, everyone followed Ange onto the field, looking like the uninvolved trailers on one of his one-man fast breaks, and watched him hit against a pitching machine fed by batting instructor Bobby Doerr. Next, Gillick, a former Triple A southpaw in the Baltimore organization and a man not insensitive to a good photo opportunity, played catch with Ange to warm him up. Then, Ange fielded Matlick's ground balls at third for 15 minutes before calling it quits.

The workout was inconclusive. Ange didn't look like Brooks Robinson, and he didn't look like Brooke Shields. But he was there at last, and that's all anyone really cared about.

Ange, Daniel Ray, 22, 6' 5", 185 lbs right, sometimes left, throws right. Drib-

bles left, right, behind his back. Signs autographs, plays tennis and uses the fork left-handed and right-handed. But lives down the middle. All the way. NBA immortal Walt Frazier called him "the huddiest guard in the country." and USC Football Coach John Robinson once said Ange could play both wide receiver and safety for his team. He has also conquered golf (he once played with a five handicap), bowling (227 high game), swimming, diving, backgammon, chess and the public-relations curriculum at BYU, and Michelle says he can change the diapers of their 16-month-old daughter, Ashlee. Yes, in the storybook tale of Danny Ange, the kind of balanced-mind-and-body story that would have made even stern old Brigham Young smile, there remains only that age-old baseball concern: "Can du boom hit da curve?"

The Blue Jays think he can, but in 1985 at bats at Syracuse, their Triple A club, in 1978, '79 and '80 he hit just .239, the same figure he had in 419 at bats in the bigs before this season. That's consistency, but the Blue Jays expect more than that from the man who has been handed the third-base job. Doerr, one of baseball's most respected hitting coaches, projects Ange as a .280 to .300 hitter with 15 to 20 home runs. "It's just a matter of getting to know the pitchers and learning to relax," says Doerr. "The number one thing in hitting a baseball is not to be afraid of it. Danny isn't afraid. Second, you have to work. Danny will do the things it takes to make him good."

Despite that ringing endorsement, Ange might have opted for pro basketball if the hellier-skelter NBA game were more like the rah-rah collegiate version. Baseball's other attractions for Ange include less hectic traveling than in basketball, a greater chance for a long career and a part-time home in Toronto, where the Mormon church is strong. But the most intriguing theory as to why he chose baseball is that it's the sport he has mastered least. His family, his teammates and Arnold all agree this may be the reason, and so does Ange.

"I think there's something to that, even if it's kind of subconscious," he says. "I had to prove myself this year in basketball, and I think I did. Now it's the same in baseball. I don't think I've even played close to my ability yet."

"I've failed at things before. I think I've failed at baseball the last three years. I've set goals for myself, and I haven't

continued

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come close to them. If I keep failing for a certain period of time, I'll definitely try something else. Basketball? Probably. But, really, I don't know if that option will still be open to me. I hope so. But, to tell you the truth, I rarely think about failing. I don't let it enter my mind."

Others have considered it, however. Some of Ainge's teammates have doubts about his ability to be an everyday player. Others resent the preferential treatment given him since he signed his first contract in August 1977, a few weeks before the start of his freshman year at BYU. The deal guaranteed Ainge that the next summer he'd be sent directly to Syracuse. He was then sent up to the big club for 87 games in '79 and 38 games last season, all without any spring training. Ainge admits that not having to spend any time in the low minors was a major factor in his signing a three-year Blue Jay contract worth \$500,000 in September of last year. It contains a no-pro-basketball clause that has the coaching-Ainge NBA crying.

"Because we're an expansion club, there are a lot of young players here who wouldn't mix it with some other teams," says Outfielder Rick Bosetti. "Danny has proven he's an exceptional athlete, but whether he can play at the major league level remains to be seen."

"We all knew he wasn't dogging it when he was away playing basketball and stuff, so there wasn't much resentment. But there's a lot of feeling that Danny was in the right place at the right time. He had negotiating power because of basketball. If one of us went in and tried to negotiate a contract on the statistics he had, we'd get nothing."

The Blue Jays and Ainge contend that his stats are misleading. "A .239 average is not too bad for a boy with no spring training who jumped right out of American Legion ball to Triple A," says Doerr. And Ainge contends that dividing his time and concentration between two sports has hurt him. "I've got to improve now that I've made a firm decision," he says. "I'm a baseball player and I'm going to start playing like one. Missing time has always been a factor and so has the fact that I've experimented so much at the plate. [The Blue Jays even let him switch-hit for a while in 1979, and he went 2 for 8 left-handed. He may go back to it.] In the past three years I'd experiment with different stances in the middle of a game. The way things have gone,

the experimenting became more important than the game because we were so far out of it. But my stats have suffered for it."

There is also the question of Ainge's readiness to take over third. He's all-arounder, he's a slick fielder, but he spent his entire amateur career as a shortstop. When he got to Syracuse in '78, he was converted into the world's tallest second baseman, and he was still at second when Toronto brought him up for the first time in May of '79. In his first start for Toronto last season he was in leftfield, and he eventually played all the outfield positions, as well as second, third and designated hitter. When Toronto became satisfied with Dumazo Garcia's play at second, Ainge went to Syracuse to learn how to play third. But following an injury to Barry Bonnell in August, Ainge was recalled to play center, where he remained until his return to school on Sept. 2.

In the off-season the Blue Jays made no effort to resign incumbent Third Baseman Roy Howell and, with their typical Danny-can-do-it thinking, left the position to Ainge. Says Bonnell, one of three other Mormons on the team, "He's going to be good someday, but he's really kind of untried and untested. I'm glad they have that kind of confidence in him, and I hope he plays real well, but I think it's a pretty big gamble."

It's a gamble Toronto fully expects to win. "There was something about him that told me to take a chance and get him when we did," says Gillick, who selected Ainge in the 15th round of the 1977 amateur draft, even though Ainge had already committed himself to college basketball. "We wouldn't have done it with everyone. He was special."

Special. People have been saying that about Ainge almost since he was born, on March 17, 1959, in Eugene, Ore. Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. And some, my dear Malvolio, are named Danny Ainge.

Born great. Ainge's father, Don, was one of Eugene's best athletes ever: all-state in football, basketball and baseball. He received a football scholarship to the University of Oregon as a wide receiver, but his career ended when he tore up his knee. Ainge's mother, Kay, was an excellent gymnast. And Danny, who was backflipping off diving boards when he

was four years old, benefited from both sets of genes.

Achieve greatness. From the time he was a baby, Danny played competitive sports with his older brothers, Doug and David, both of whom are excellent athletes. "Burnout" was one popular front-lawn sport. Doug, now 26, and David, 25, would throw a baseball at Danny as hard as they could, and he would be expected to catch it or get his teeth smashed. "On Saturday mornings we'd go out and play two-on-one football," remembers Don. "Laurie [20, the youngest of the four Ainge kids] would center the ball to me, and two of the boys would cover one receiver. It was brutal—I mean it. I'd burn the ball to them and they'd cream each other. Horrible things. David and Doug never let Danny win. I mean never." Danny remembers playing one-on-one basketball twice a day with David. "I honestly don't think we ever got to the end of a game," says Danny. "Every single one ended in a fight."

Greatness thrust upon him. "His skills were always there," says David. "And we recognized them early. We weren't jealous of him. We'd go play other kids in the city, and we'd pick Danny for our side. They'd wonder what we were doing taking that little shrimp. Well, he'd take off down the sideline and catch the ball over his shoulder. There was just something, well, special about him."

Ainge's athletic career at North Eugene High School was fairy-tale stuff: three years varsity starter in three sports. In baseball, he hit .507 his senior year and was one of the top shortstops in the state. In basketball, he led North Eugene to two straight state titles and a 52-1 record his last two seasons. In football, he caught 82 passes in two seasons before moving to quarterback his senior year because there was no one to throw him the ball. In a two-month period in his senior year he was picked to participate in state all-star games in all three sports.

Ainge's build—6' 4", 168 pounds in his senior year—ruled out college football, so he decided to concentrate on basketball, choosing Brigham Young over nearby Oregon and Oregon State. Religion was an obvious factor in Ainge's decision, but not the only one. He was also inspired by Arnold's recruiting pitch. Arnold saw Ainge play once and came away unimpressed; it was Arnold's former assistant, John McMullen, who

urged him to go after Ainge. On Ainge's recruiting visit to BYU, Arnold told him, "We've already got two guards. And we've recruited a kid out of Provo who's one of the best shooters I've ever seen [Greg Bullif, who played four years but could never win a starting job]. We still want you bad, but you're going to start out as No. 12." That was just the sort of challenge Ainge finds irresistible.

Arnold was 12-15 in each of his first two years before Ainge arrived, but with Ainge as a starter for four years, BYU was 80-36. In his first three seasons he averaged slightly under 20 points a game and three times made the Western Athletic Conference all-star team. Still, doubts persisted. Some of Ainge's basketball teammates who had never seen him play—BYU was on national television only twice in his career—questioned whether this skinny white kid was a big-timer. First Baseman John Mayberry often said Ainge couldn't even play on the west side of Detroit where Mayberry grew up and was himself a basketball star.

Most such remarks were spoken in jest, but they hurt just the same. "I wanted to show everyone what kind of player I could be," said Ainge. "My senior year was very important to me." So important that Ainge scored 24.4 points a game, shooting 51.9% from the field and 82.4% from the foul line.

If Mayberry needed any more convincing, Ainge gave it to him in the NCAA tournament. In the second round against UCLA at Providence, he scored 37 points in a 78-55 win. Said Mayberry, "He can play on the west side, and the east side and the north side."

And in the semifinals of the Eastern Regional against Notre Dame, he made what will become one of the most famous scoring plays in NCAA tournament history. With BYU trailing 50-49 and only eight seconds left, Ainge broke away from a press and caught an in-bounds pass about 85 feet from the basket. He eluded one defender with a reverse dribble and took the ball behind his back at midcourt to get by two more. High up in the stands, Don and David Ainge started celebrating. "It was three or four seconds early, and the people behind us told us to sit down," says Don, "but we knew it was over." On the bench, Arnold watched patiently, too, as Ainge avoided the final defenders and scored his layup. "I wasn't that worried. If they

were pressing us, we were simply going to give Danny the ball and say, 'Do your thing.' Great coaching, huh?"

There's another side to Ainge, however. Fans who had tired of the all-Mormon, All-America, all-vanilla image of Ainge got a glimpse of that other side in the Cougars' subsequent loss to Virginia. The guy can be a pain in the butt on the court. He gripped at his teammates constantly, at Arnold occasionally and at the officials when a call went against BYU, even drawing a technical foul. When things didn't go BYU's way, displeasure was etched on Ainge's boyish face. "All my boys are very facial," says Kay Ainge, "and it has gotten them in trouble from time to time."

But it never sullied Ainge's image in the Mormon community. "Down here in Florida, Danny is just another baseball player," said Michelle during spring training. "But in Provo you wouldn't believe it. Danny is it." "I graduated from Brigham Young and I'm a Mormon myself," says Lee Benson, sports editor of the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City, "but if there's one thing that's disturbing about Mormons, it's this habit of not admitting they're human. They seem to have that problem with Danny."

Ainge isn't vanilla. For one thing, his basketball style was taken right off the playground. It often included the kind of shots that cause a coach to rise off the bench in protest before saying, "Oh, the heck with it." And Ainge wasn't a workaholic on defense. Arnold first called him a "poor" defensive player, then amended that to "average."

Ainge was also recognized as the team's top Arnold impersonator; the coach would often walk into practice when Ainge was wrapping up one of his imitation chalk talks. And then there was the Great Hawaiian Sunburn Scandal when BYU played in Honolulu's Rainbow Classic during Ainge's sophomore season. Arnold told the players to be off the beach at a certain time, but Ainge talked three teammates into staying out 45 extra minutes with him. When they changed into their uniforms that night they could barely move because of sunburn, and BYU played poorly before pulling out a victory. "We were tired, half dead for that game," says Arnold. "I scolded Danny like I never had before. But even then I couldn't stay mad at him. He just gives you that big, silly, blue-eyed grin."

Nobody seems to be able to stay mad at Ainge. Some of his BYU teammates have told him to shut up after he has criticized them on the court. He and his best friend on the team, Steve Trumbo, exchanged words in the locker room after one game when Trumbo thought Ainge had popped off one too many times. "But that's just Danny," says Trumbo. "It never was a real problem on this team because he didn't stay angry at you. You knew he was telling you something to make you better. The guy's the most unselfish person I've ever met." Even the older, more hardened players in the Toronto organization get along with the youngster they used to call "Pup." Says Boseki, "He's a good kid, an excellent kid."

That's it exactly. Ainge is a kid—a kid with exceptional athletic gifts and a big, silly, disarming grin. Those gifts and that smile are going to be tested in the next couple of years because Toronto players and fans want to see a return on the Jays' investment. If he produces, it's just another installment in the Ainge Success Story; if he doesn't, his faith in himself and his personal values may be truly tested for the first time in his life.

Ainge's private life is far different from the average pro athlete's and, by all accounts, falls well within the demanding Mormon code of conduct. He and the former Michelle Toolson met on their first day at Brigham Young when Ainge asked to sit beside her in a health class. They married in their sophomore year and had Ashlee almost nine months to the day after the wedding. Michelle is now four months pregnant with their second child, who is due on the last day of the season, when the Jays will be in Seattle.

Ainge has never found the no-tobacco, no-caffeine, no-premarital-sex, no-a-lot-of-things code at Brigham Young to be a problem. "I'm sure some guys struggle with the code," he says. "I know guys who have. But I've been expected to live that way my whole life, so it didn't change because I went to Brigham Young. I get fazed about a lot of things, sure. They tried to get me to chew tobacco when I first got to Syracuse. They told me you couldn't make the big leagues without doing it. It didn't bother me. Nothing like that does. If your faith is strong, you don't worry."

And Ainge's faith is strong. In himself and in his future. So, for now, heaven can wait.

END

A bottle of Passport Scotch whisky and two glasses of whisky in the foreground, with the Colosseum in Rome in the background. The bottle is dark green with a black label that reads "PASSPORT SCOTCH" and "SELECTED SCOTCH WHISKIES". The label also features five royal warrants. The glasses are filled with whisky and ice. The background shows the Colosseum under a clear blue sky, with two people sitting on a bench in the distance.

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*A ranty who hits two-handed off both wings,
Mayer may well have the game's finest forehand*



by WALTER BINGHAM

THE PRIME OF GENE MAYER

To the plaudits of far too few, this frail-looking slugger has risen to No. 4 in the tennis rankings. No player in the game has a better variety of shots

As it's still necessary to introduce Gene Mayer, even though he is the fourth-best tennis player in the world. Ya gotta have a gimmick, they say, and apparently Mayer has none. For instance, there's nothing memorable about his name. It's not as catchy as Vitas or Roscoe, Ilie or Wojtek, players he has left in the dust. His wife calls him Genie, but this lacks the punch of, say, Jimbo. Complicating matters is the existence of another tennis-playing Mayer, his older brother, Sandy (he's 29, *continued*)

Gene's 25), who reached the semifinals at Wimbledon in 1973. If the name Mayer does strike a chord, chances are you're thinking of Sandy.

Nor does Gene provide the folks in the seats with a little show within a show. He doesn't grunt with every shot or try to swallow the handle of his racket when he errs. He doesn't slug tennis balls at linesmen or into the rafters. In Denver last month, while Mayer was quietly winning his second straight tournament, the Nastase grabbed most of the headlines for a series of obscene and self-destructive rantings that cost him \$3,750 in fines.

Mayer has been No. 4 for only 3½ months, so his lack of celebrity is partly understandable. Moreover, his rapid rise is not the result of strong performances in the bright spotlights of Wimbledon or

Flushing Meadow. John McEnroe became instant box office when he reached the semis of Wimbledon in 1977, his first time out of the starting gate. Ditto Bjorn Borg, who made it to the quarters there in 1973 as a 17-year-old. Mayer's best performance at either of those places is a quarterfinal loss to Borg at Wimbledon last year. Seven weeks later he went out in the first round of the U.S. Open, a victim of a pulled hamstring. Mayer's triumphs have come in comparative backwaters of the sport, places such as Cologne, Denver, Cleveland and Metz, France.

Let's observe Mayer closely during an evening of tennis, to see if we might detect something arresting about him, something noteworthy. Maybe he stands 6' 7", like Vic Amaya, or sports a mus-

tache, like John Newcombe. Wrong twice. He is a rather frail-looking young man, about 6 feet tall and 155 pounds. Much of the weight sits below the waist. His shoulders are almost delicate, his eyes heavy-lidded, his complexion pale, like that of someone enduring a bumpy plane ride. His expression is a blend of surprise and delight. When he arrives on court, he unzips from its case one of the nine rackets he carries. Mayer plays with an oversize model, the sort old men acquire when their skills begin to diminish. It's a Prince, and it has had much to do with his success.

He walks to the base line in a curious gait that is something between a waddle and a swagger. His heels land first, and he seems to move as much sideways as forward. He begins to rally and—what's this?—he's holding the racket with two hands, right over left, stroking both forehands and backhands in this manner. Others have hit two-fisted off both wings, most notably Frew McMillen, the renowned doubles specialist, but no double two-fister has ever been ranked nearly as high as Mayer.

Once play starts, this ordinary-looking person with the ordinary name delivers his extraordinary message. Mayer's game has more variety and, yes, more excitement than those of all the Roscoes and Lies, even more than Borg's, McEnroe's or Jimmy Connors', the three players ranked ahead of him. True, they do some things better—Borg willing to stay the night if that's what's needed to win; McEnroe serving and volleying; Connors pounding his glorious backhand. But Mayer provides a fuller smorgasbord of strokes. His forehand has always been a major weapon. His backhand, once vulnerable, has become an attacking stroke since he reverted to hitting it two-handed in 1974.

Mayer's return of serve is, with the possible exception of Connors', the best in the game. He dishes up a variety of spins and speeds that can drive an opponent crazy. A flick of both wrists sends a topspin lob over a foe at net, a play he used so often in the Denver final against John Sadri that poor Sadri looked befuddled. He also uses the drop shot—the most dangerous shot in tennis—more effectively and more frequently than anyone of his rank. At times it seems he's intentionally humiliating his opponent

One reason Gene sped through Stanford in three years was that he had his sights set on Rhinide.





1934: Curt Carlson, University of Minnesota sophomore

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opponent as he feathers the ball just over the net when a simple putaway would suffice.

Mayer's serve isn't fluid, not in the classic sense of Pancho Gonzalez' or Arthur Ashe's. It appears to unfold in sections, his back inordinately stiff throughout the swing. So what. It's the most improved part of his game, especially the first delivery, with which he can win points outright.

A poll of players produces agreement that Mayer has become a force. Sample comments:

"Mayer probably plays the game more intelligently than anyone," says Harold Solomon, No. 10 in the world. "He's also extremely deceptive off both sides. He's able to mix up speeds and change the angles of his shots—deep, short, soft and

hard. His forehand is the best shot in the game today."

"Some players try to blow you off the court," says Roscoe Tanner, No. 9, who most certainly tries to blow opponents off the court with his blistering serve. "Gene manipulates you. One reason he returns serve so well is that he stands in close and takes the ball on the rise."

"He keeps me confused," says Mel Purcell, last year's Rookie of the Year. "I can't tell where he's going to hit the ball."

Says McEnroe, grudgingly, "He's a lot more confident now. He disguises the ball well."

On this evening in Denver there are more than the usual number of questionable line calls, provoking a protest by Mayer to the umpire. Mayer looks up at

him, his palms held up as if testing for raindrops. Up in the stands, Rhonda Mayer stiffens slightly. "If he ever acted really poorly, I'd kill him," she says. "But he never would. Actually, I'd just be very quiet in the car later."

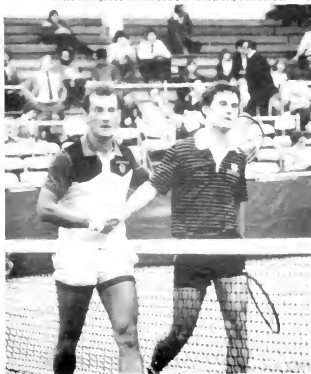
Rhonda has known Gene since junior high school in Woodmere, a town on Long Island some 14 miles from Manhattan. "He used to hang around outside my classroom," she says. "He'd tease me a lot. He still does." The two were married in late 1977. A Mayer public-relations pamphlet credits both Rhonda and the Prince racket, which Mayer began using that year, with his improvement from No. 148 then to his present eminence. "Which one was it really?" she asks her husband coyly. He is a tease, merely giving her a sly look. "It was me," she says defiantly, closing the subject.

On this evening he eliminates his opponent quickly, a Mayer characteristic. Virtually everything he does is done with dispatch, as if he's impatient to get on with whatever is next. He skipped his senior year of high school and took only three years to graduate from Stanford. He will put away a plateful of food before others have spread their napkins. His autograph takes only a second to administer, a straight line interrupted only by two humps and a dip, presumably a G, an M and a y. When he walks from the arena to his car, bag over his shoulder, rackets under his arm, he sets off briskly at a pace that Rhonda falls 10 paces behind.

Since he has won this match, the media request his presence. Mayer is a good interview, not so much for what he says about himself as for his astute observations on the tennis scene and his rivals' strengths and weaknesses. And he is forthright enough to say what he thinks. For instance, he will tell you that Borg's strokes are not truly phenomenal, that many other players hit the ball better. But he will quickly add that Borg's patience, stamina and savvy make him the great player he is. Nastase? It's a shame he can't play anymore. The umpire working his match that night? It's not an easy job, but that fellow seems to have a particular problem.

Interviews over, it's time for the truly important event of the evening, the before-bed snack. As we shall see, it is mind-boggling. On the way to a restaurant near their hotel, Rhonda exuberates

En route to winning the U.S. Indoor championship last month, Gene (right) beat older brother Sandy



over an old rug they bought that afternoon. The Mayers love nothing more than to spend an afternoon in search of antiques for the five-bedroom ranch-style home they bought in Woodmere two years ago. They shop in virtually every town they visit.

"Today I went upstairs in this store and saw the greatest set of six dining-room chairs," Mayer says. "American made—1800s, which is what we're doing the house in. I told Rhonda to come up, but then I saw a tag on one of the chairs. Sold! It's probably just as well. They were \$600 each."

The fact is, Mayer can now afford a \$3,600 set of chairs. He won \$17,000 in 1976 and roughly double that the next year. In 1978 the figure was \$75,000, then \$219,000 in 1979 and \$397,000 last year. He invests most of his income in real estate and natural gas holdings. No Rolls-Royces or mink jackets (Rhonda would kill him), although when he was single he did spend money as fast as it came in, mostly on stereos and clothes.

Mayer earns close to three times as much away from tournaments as he does in them. "Below a certain level you pretty much have to live on what you make from official winnings," he says, sounding rather sad for those who must. Indeed, his current earning power stuns him. "It is so much more than the average person's," he says. "More than the President's."

Mayer's additional income flows from an ever-growing number of sources. In addition to playing several lucrative exhibition and special events every year, he is a walking billboard. His tennis clothes—warm-ups, shirts and shorts—are by Sergio Tacchini, his shoes are Nike and his racket, of course, Prince. He has an incipient relationship with Volvo, having done a brief commercial for the carmaker in January. His payment? What else—a new Volvo. Before matches Mayer is introduced as "the touring pro from the Westhampton Tennis and Sports Club in his home state of New York."

"I show up several times a year," Mayer says. "I say hello to the folks, organize a tournament and maybe play an exhibition."

The Mayers have arrived at the restaurant, and what happens next is astonishing. If Mayer never hits another ball, he will go down in tennis history as the

game's greatest consumer of food. Only one person has ever been in his class, his brother Sandy, for whom Stanford established the Sandy Mayer Memorial Eating Award. When the Mayer boys were young, their mother, Ingeborg, did double duty in the kitchen as her sons put away, oh, two dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, two quarts of milk, plus a variety of hams, cheeses—whatever was there. "A new record every day," Gene once said. Today he is sensitive about the subject of his appetite, partly because the press keeps repeating the same old stories. Like the time Tim Gullikson saw him devour seven double-decker cheeseburgers, and partly because he has cut down recently—although he hasn't been fanatical about it.

Gene and Rhonda take a booth in the non-smoking section of the restaurant. As the menus are delivered, Gene orders two lemonades. Rhonda a Sanka. When the drinks arrive, the orders are made. Gene will have a bowl of mushroom soup, a Grand Slam—a combo of pancakes, eggs and bacon—plus a ham and tomato sandwich with melted cheese over it. Rhonda orders a grilled turkey, bacon and cheese sandwich, part of which is ticketed for Gene. At an adjoining booth, John Sadri smiles. He is watching the master. A waiter brings a chocolate malt to Sadri, passing Mayer on the way.

"Almost hijacked that one," Mayer says. When the soup comes, it's in a cup. "This is a bowl?" Mayer asks. "It's all that was left," says the waitress.

"No choice then," Mayer says cheerfully, diving in. When the rest of the food arrives, Mayer attacks. The pancakes go first. Rhonda is given one bite, but it costs her half her sandwich. Next come his sandwich and a third lemonade. Then, no more than half an hour after they sat down, they are back in the car, driving



Off his backhand Mayer dishes out a variety of spins and speeds

to the hotel. For all of his eating, Mayer's stomach is as flat as, well, a pancake. "He has a very high metabolism," Rhonda says. "And he really has cut down. He eats much less meat, hardly ever drinks soda and takes vitamins and minerals every day."

Although Gene Mayer is a new name among the elite of pro tennis, it is hardly new to the game itself. He has been winning tournaments since he was seven. He has recent victories over McEnroe and Borg, but still considers a win when he was 11 as his best ever. "It was in the finals of the national 12-and-unders in Chittanooga," he says. "I beat a kid named Robert Rouse, who was already 6'2" and had a huge serve. I cried for two hours before the match. *continued*

and my parents were concerned that they had done the wrong thing by getting me involved in this sort of world."

Gene's father, Alex, had long been familiar with this sort of world. A native of Sombor, a town in northern Yugoslavia that was part of Hungary from 1941 to 1946, he represented both countries in the Davis Cup, the rules permitting such things then. He was also European doubles champion in 1938. During World War II Alex served in the Hungarian army and spent a year in an Allied prisoner-of-war camp. When the fighting was over, he went to work for the U.S. Military Government, giving tennis and Ping-Pong exhibitions at Army bases around Europe.

Alex and Ingeborg met at a Munich bridge club, married in 1949, had a daughter, Clare, and in 1950 moved to the U.S., settling on Long Island. Mayer had been a lawyer in Europe, but because he would have had to return to school in order to practice in the U.S.,

he took a job as an elevator operator. Predictably, he soon tired of that and decided to make a living at what he loved most—tennis. He secured a position as a pro at a four-court complex in Brooklyn called Burwood, and has been teaching the game in and around New York City ever since. He and Ingeborg now live 30 miles outside the city in Mendham, N.J.

To this day Alex is the only coach Sandy and Gene have ever had. He introduced his sons to the sport when they were two by hanging a rubber ball from the ceiling and having them hit it, two-handed, with wooden paddles. Later, the practice sessions became stormy. "My father is a charming man," Gene says, "but he is very demanding. Things must always be done on his terms. He insisted that if we were going to play tennis, we had to take it seriously. There was a lot of yelling and screaming—by him. Sandy just accepted it. I would say, 'That's wrong,' but I'd do it anyway."

Sandy was once ranked 19th in the

world. That was in 1973, the year he won the national intercollegiate title and knocked off top-seeded Nastase to reach the semifinals at Wimbledon. Since then he has performed erratically. He cracked the Top 10 in 1978, but he's now 35th on the computer and still trying to recover his form after breaking his hand at Wimbledon in 1979. He is married, has a 2-year-old daughter and lives in Atherton, Calif., a suburb of San Francisco.

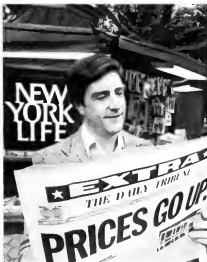
Gene has never felt closer to Sandy. "When I was younger I don't think I appreciated him," Gene says. "He used to spend a lot of time rallying with me when he was a lot better." Recently the brothers met in the opening round of the U.S. Indoors in Memphis, the first time they had faced each other in years. Gene won, but he didn't enjoy it. Happily, they teamed in doubles and won.

Gene and Sandy are two of the game's finest doubles players, and they play together whenever their schedules permit. In 1979 they won the French *continued*



Susceptible to muscle pulls: a condition that forced him to quit last year's U.S. Open. Mayer does stretching exercises for more than an hour each day.

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Open, which Gene had won the year before with Hank Pfister, and last year they reached the semis at Wimbledon. In 1975 Sandy won the Wimbledon doubles crown with Vitas Gerulaitis.

Gene's first major triumph came at age nine when he won the 1965 Orange Bowl 10-and-under title. He defended successfully the next year and went on to win six U.S. age-group championships as a junior. From the beginning, the sport came easily to him. "I was a natural," he says. "Sandy had to work to be good. He had a very mechanical game and still does, something like Brian Gottfried's. I didn't have to work that hard."

When he was 13, Gene lost to someone his own age for the first time, a boy named Horace Reed. "I went out of my mind," Mayer says. "I was really impossible, screaming on the court, throwing a fit." Ingeborg Mayer, who was there, was appalled. She reported the scene to Alex, who promptly banned his son from the game for three months. Gene's deportment at tournaments improved dramatically, though even today he's not beyond bouncing a ball 15 feet into the air. Given current tennis behavior, he is merely a popgun among cannons.

All three Mayer children excelled in the classroom. "It was expected," says Gene, who never made less than an A in three years of high school. "Certain things were required of us, and getting good grades was one. If we did what our parents wanted, we got everything we needed. We weren't well-to-do, but our parents made us feel like millionaires."

Sandy went to Stanford on a tennis scholarship, and Gene followed. "I was heavily recruited by the Ivies, Berkeley and Stanford," he says. "I almost chose Columbia, but it didn't have much of a tennis team."

Rhonda, whom Gene had been seeing steadily through high school, went to Queens College in New York City. The separation, plus Mayer's desire to get out on the pro tour, were two reasons for his hurry at Stanford. He majored in political science. "I took an unbelievable number of units," he says. "It was a ridiculous load." He even skipped two semesters to play tournaments, taking courses that required only heavy reading and the writing of papers. In 1976, his senior year, he

earned a respectable ranking of 48.

After graduating in December, Mayer hit the pro circuit full time. But largely because of several tough draws that pitted him against top-tenners in early rounds, Gene found himself as low as No. 150 in the fall of 1977. In December he married Rhonda and switched to the Prince.

"We were running up huge phone bills," says Rhonda. "He'd call from places like Japan and South America." Rhonda now travels almost everywhere with him, spending long hours on her embroidery when her husband is practicing.

Mayer won his first pro event in 1978, the Guadalajara Open—hardly Wimbledon, but a start. Then, that October, an accident nearly ended his career.

Mayer had finished a tournament in Hawaii, and he and Rhonda had been talked into taking a horseback ride in the mountains there with a friend. "It was just a dead old horse I was on," Mayer says, "but suddenly the saddle slipped." Mayer tried to jump off, but the toe of his left shoe caught in the stirrup, causing him to twist his lower back as he fell.

"I remember looking up and seeing the horse up on its hind legs right over me," Mayer says. "I rolled out of the way fast." But when he rose and tried walking, it "was as if someone had stuck a knife in my back."

X rays revealed that he had fractured some of the transverse processors in his back, and for several weeks he was bedridden, uncertain if he would ever again be able to play tennis effectively.

Now consider another element in Mayer's life: his religion. Both elder Mayers were non-practicing Catholics when Gene and Sandy were growing up, and the boys stopped going to church when they were youngsters. "When I went to college I was aware of a void in my life," Gene says. "I didn't feel close to anyone for a while, even Rhonda. I had gotten into the habit of thinking I was right about everything, and I knew that couldn't be."

At Stanford, Mayer met an unofficial campus spiritual adviser named Jim Stump, who a few years earlier had persuaded Sandy to take an active interest in Christianity. Stump gave Gene religious books to read, and Gene forward-

ed many of them to Rhonda, a Jew. Before long both had converted, and they now belong to the Orthodox Presbyterian Church, a small fundamentalist branch of Presbyterianism. Their religion is a very serious and private matter with them. They pray and read the Bible together, but there are no outward signs of their beliefs, nor do they try to convert friends or strangers.

Mayer believes his faith helped him through his three-month convalescence. When he started to play again, he found he had an intensity he had lacked before. In April of 1979, he reached the finals at Houston and the semis in Las Vegas. In May he was a semifinalist at the Italian Open. "If there was a turning point, that spring was it," Mayer says. He finished the year at No. 12 on the computer. Last year, with five more wins and many other strong showings (Mayer rarely gets upset by lesser players), he climbed to No. 4.

He hasn't tailed off this year, having won two tournaments and finished second in another. At the Masters in January, he beat McEnroe and Borg, each for the first time, although Borg, not needing to win that night under the tournament's double-elimination format, was not at his best. "Gene didn't miss a shot the first four games," says Rhonda when it is suggested that Borg went into the tank. Mayer won the first set 6-0. "I think he tried hard the second set," says Mayer. "It was 3-3 and then I broke serve." Mayer closed it out, 6-3.

It won't be long before Mayer gets another crack at Borg and McEnroe, and Connors as well. It could come as soon as next week in Las Vegas, and if not there then certainly in Rome, Paris or London. Mayer is virtually assured of the No. 4 seeding at Wimbledon, which means if all goes as predicted, he may well meet Borg in the semis. If he wins, becoming the player who stopped the mighty Swede after five straight titles, there will be no need to introduce Gene Mayer ever again. If he doesn't, well, Mayer can handle that.

"I'm going to play this game only until I'm 30," he says. "Then I'm going to return to school, either law or business." That's typical of Mayer. Here he has established himself as one of the top players in the world, and now he's in a hurry to get on to something else.

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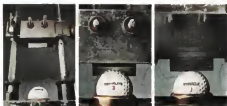


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MICHELIN



A MIRACLE! OR IS IT A MIRAGE?

Many athletes call DMSO a wonder drug, saying it heals injuries fast, but others—and the FDA—have doubts

by J.D. REED

Down in the basement of aging McArthur Court, the University of Oregon gymnasium in Eugene, the air one afternoon last winter was redolent of Eau de Sport, that venerable mixture of aromatics—wet wool, steam, liniment, sweat, rubbing alcohol—that defines athletic exertion. It issued even from the wainscoting and the floors of the old structure. In the training room Alberto Salazar, 22, an Oregon senior and one of America's premier distance runners, sat on a table applying to his knee a colorless fluid that may change the smell of sports permanently.

The new odor, a commingling of the vapors of turpentine, rotten eggs and old oysters, comes from dimethyl sulfoxide, better known as DMSO, the controversial and often illegally used drug hailed by a growing legion of amateur and professional athletes who view it as a panacea for many ills ranging from sprained ankles to tendinitis and ripped muscles.

Having washed his knee carefully, Salazar, winner of last year's New York Marathon and holder of the



American indoor record for 5,000 meters, began to roll a cotton swab soaked in DMSO over the area. Around him was the paraphernalia of athletic treatment: ice bags, whirlpool bath, an ultrasound machine, tubes of Ben-Gay, bottles of anti-inflammatory pills. Salazar continued to apply the DMSO for 10 minutes or so, the stank becoming nearly unbearable. Almost as fast as he gently rolled on the stuff, it disappeared, soaking into his skin.

Finally he stopped and encased the knee in Saran Wrap and an elastic bandage. "I used to go the usual route when I got a strain or a sprain," he said, "ice, ultrasound, acupuncture, whirlpool, massage, heat. But I've been using DMSO for about three years now, and it's the answer. A strain like this used to keep me from training for four or five days, but with DMSO I can run full strength again in 24 to 48 hours. That's important when you're peaking for a race." The Millrose Games were just a few weeks away and Salazar would go on to set the record for 5,000 meters there.

"A lot of runners use it," he continued. "Every top competitor I've ever met has used DMSO at one time or another. A lot of guys mix it with cortisone for

knee problems, or with liniment I used to do that, but I find just plain DMSO works fine."

A weightlifter, an Everest of muscle, walks by holding his nose. "Whew! Smells like a bad restaurant in here."

Salazar smiles. "Some weightlifters use DMSO, too," he goes on, "as well as people on the football team. But it is fickle stuff. Sometimes I get immediate relief and other times it doesn't seem to work at all on a similar problem. It's mysterious. All except for the smell. It always gives you a body odor and terrible breath. But I don't notice it too much anymore. I guess other people do."

All over the country athletes say they are getting results with DMSO. Some Dallas Cowboys and some Rams and Raiders use it, but under the guise of what an NFL spokesman calls, "experimentation." Dodger Manager Tom LaSorda soaks his fingers in it to relieve the pain of arthritis, as do the Orioles' Jim Palmer and Portland State's prospective high NFL draft choice, Quarterback Neil Lomax. But not all athletes are so certain DMSO is beneficial.

Yankee Outfielder Lou Pinella says, "I used it and it took three days to heal a bruise on my thigh, which is about the same as the whirlpool and other treatment. It's nothing special."

Others are naturally careful about unapproved medication, like the Orioles' Doug DeCinces. "They use it on horses," he says. "Horses only compete for three or four years. I want this body to last a lot longer than that. I've got a bad hack. Do they know what it does to the liver?"

Even physicians disagree about the effectiveness of DMSO. Dr. Frank Jaffe, orthopedist for the Dodgers and a founder of the National Athletic Health Institute, says, "It's quite spectacular on soft-tissue injuries like sprains, contusions, bursitis and tendinitis. It could revolutionize sports medicine."

Dr. Robert Kerlan, another renowned sports orthopedist and a founder, with Jaffe, of the NAHL, says, "DMSO has some medicinal benefits, but

curing routine sports injuries isn't one of them. It's almost useless for athletes."

One source of confusion about DMSO is the fact that it acts differently on different individuals, and is even unpredictable when used by the same person, relieving symptoms one week, failing to do so the next. It's a mysterious and complicated drug.

First synthesized more than a century ago, DMSO is a natural by-product of wood-pulp manufacture and has been used for decades as an industrial solvent, paint thinner and additive in a number of chemical products. (Pulp-mill workers have found that it cleans the chrome on their cars.) By the middle of this century, it had been introduced experimentally into veterinary medicine. Then in 1961 Stanley Jacob, a University of Oregon Health Sciences Center surgeon looking for a way to supercool animal organs for transplant experiments, learned of DMSO from Robert Herschler, a chemist employed by the Crown Zellerbach paper company. (DMSO is still used as a cryogenics, because mixed half and half with water, it resists freezing at -270°.) When Jacob applied DMSO to the burned skin of an assistant after a lab accident and noted a remarkable recovery, he became the "father" of DMSO. Since then Jacob has explored, with a host of medical researchers, possible uses for the drug, in ailments ranging from strokes to psychosis, from athlete's foot to baldness.

Alarmed by DMSO's sudden popularity and worried about misuse of it, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration banned the substance for medical use in 1965, citing a study that suggested it caused eye damage in laboratory rats. Since then the FDA has cleared DMSO for treatment of one condition, a bladder inflammation called interstitial cystitis. One reason the FDA has moved so cautiously is that researchers have detected cataracts in the eyes of monkeys, dogs and rats that were treated with DMSO, and there seems to be evidence that its use has damaged fetuses in hamsters. All potential users of the drug should bear in mind that the Federal Government's testers still doubt that DMSO's effects have been adequately studied.

But, so far, such adverse findings have not dampened sales. There are mail-order houses with toll-free num-

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Even physicians can't agree on the effectiveness of DMSO

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The best way to obtain DMSO for yourself is to have a dog that has arthritis

bers where credit cards are accepted for the purchase of industrial-grade DMSO. Sufferers from arthritis are treated with DMSO injections in Mexican clinics, and athletes who want the drug have thought up ingenious ways to obtain it. Says one Oregon runner, "A guy in our neighborhood has a dog with arthritis. Vets prescribe DMSO for it, and we all borrow the dog. He's been to more vets than any dog in America."

One of the best sports figures to use DMSO was Sam Bell, currently the track coach at Indiana University. "Back in 1962 I was the coach at Oregon State," he says. "Jacob and DMSO hadn't hit the national media yet, but I'd read about the doctor in the *Oregonian*. I had two pretty good runners. One had a chronic Achilles tendon problem and the other a hamstring injury. I took them to Jacob and he gave us DMSO. I can't say they would've lost otherwise, but they were both NCAA champions that year. But without the training that DMSO let them get in by relieving the pain of their injuries so fast, they wouldn't have even competed in the NCAAAs."

In 1965 Pierre Piloté of the Chicago Black Hawks treated a dislocated shoulder with DMSO and was able to resume skating immediately. Also in 1965 when

Sandy Koufax recovered quickly from a nagging elbow problem to pitch brilliantly in the World Series, many insiders were convinced that DMSO had done it. Koufax always denied it, and recently the Dodgers' trainer, Bill Buhler, said, "I tried it on Koufax. The only thing we got was a dry, chapped elbow."

Satchel Paige's Magic Snake Oil, which was rubbed onto his geriatric arm in the 1950s, was thought to contain DMSO, but the old Cards' trainer, Doc Bauman, says, "It was just chloroform liniment with cologne in it to cut the smell."

By 1968 DMSO was stinking up NFL locker rooms. Former Raider Quarterback Daryle Lamonic, who testified about DMSO at a Senate subcommittee hearing on medical research last summer, says, "One day I jammed my right thumb in practice and it hurt so much I couldn't make a list. The trainer put DMSO on it and in 15 minutes the swelling and pain were gone; in 24 hours I was throwing again. It didn't work on a torn ligament, but without it I wouldn't have won the passing title in '69."

"A lot of us used it—Pete Banasuk, Jim Otto, Ben Davidson, other guys. And the only side effect we ever noticed was body odor and incredibly bad breath. It's

a smell you don't forget. I got on an elevator in Washington after testifying and I smelled it. I was so excited I yelled, 'Who's using DMSO around here?' and a guy raised his hand."

The 49ers' out-standing guard, Randy Cross, a confirmed DMSO user, says, "The breath thing is awful. It's death breath. It makes for a lot wider huddle."

Seattle Mariner Pitcher Dave Heaverlo says, "They should get the wives to make guys use it on the road. They wouldn't have a grouper problem."

Within a minute of applying DMSO, most users get what they describe as the taste of raw oysters in their mouths. The oyster flavor and the rapidity with which it appears are indicative of why DMSO may work so quickly on some injuries. Dimethyl sulfoxide has a complex molecular structure that allows it to combine with a wide spectrum of other molecules. Few substances penetrate the skin as rapidly as DMSO, which can carry hundreds of other molecules through the skin as well. Those other ingredients can be anything from medications like cortisone to potentially lethal substances, including dye from clothing and pesticides in the atmosphere.

Within moments of application on the skin, DMSO is in the bloodstream, mixing with water from surrounding tissue. When it reaches the lungs, it releases dimethyl sulfide in the gas exchange. Hence, death breath.

DMSO's thirst for water is the key to its relief of pain. Veterinarian Joe Burch, who, with his son George, treats 700 horses during the racing season at Miami's Gulfstream Park, says, "Swelling is the cause of soft-tissue pain. Nature allows blood, lymph fluid and pus to collect to protect injuries. When DMSO moves fluid into the blood, the swelling and pressure are gone, and so is the pain. We don't know all about its workings yet, but that one's for sure. DMSO doesn't heal tissue. The body does that for itself. DMSO just makes it easier, quicker and pain-free."

While researchers explore—20 to 30 Investigational New Drug Exemptions have been approved by the FDA for DMSO experiments involving herpes, malignancies, spinal-cord injuries, eye problems, arthritis and scleroderma among other ailments—many athletes aren't waiting for official findings. But DMSO's unsettled status is the reason the

NFL claims it limits the drug's use to an experimental role.

NFL trainers are reluctant to discuss the drug. One says, "Maybe the stuff would help, but if I gave it to a player, he can sue me in 10 years if he has trouble. Players are winning those suits."

The 49ers' Cross started using DMSO on his own—for a wrist injury—after his mother told him it relieved her arthritis. "I applied it once a day during the season," he says. "In football things keep hurting. About half of our team uses it. When we played New Orleans, a Saints player wanted some, so we gave it to him. The guy complained that the bottle read 'For horses and dogs.' I told him most people think we're horses, anyway."

The Raiders' orthopedic consultant, Dr. Robert Albo, says, "Every NFL player has tried it. They'd be crazy not to. Athletes are looking for the panacea that will get them back a game earlier, allow them to play one more season. But you have to be careful with it. I always ask, 'What DMSO? From where?'"

Says Indiana's Bell, "Applying the stuff is the tricky part. If you rub it in hard, you'll burn hell out of your skin." That's what happened to the Orioles' Palmer, who says, "I use DMSO a lot, but one time I got too strong a dose and it left a burned circle on my arm. People asked if I had ringworm." Other users have had painful results because they found out—too late—that they were allergic to the drug.

Ex-Dodger Pitcher Don Stanhouse warns, "Don't buy the solvent, industrial grade. You can't tell how it's been repackaged, and contaminants will go into your body. Get at least veterinary grade DMSO and dilute it to a 60% to 65% solution with distilled water in a clean container."

Some sufferers are simply left with bad breath and the old aches and pains after using DMSO. The Golden State Warriors' trainer, Dick D'Olive, a jolly man who stands half as high as his NBA charges, knows some of the reasons. In his Oakland Arena training room, which has

so much therapy equipment it resembles a *Battlestar Galactica* set, D'Olive says, "We've used DMSO on only one guy, Purvis Short. The results are inconclusive. Purvis had shin splints. He got better in three days, which is what we would get with conventional modalities. Once it burned his skin badly, and he complained about the smell. Another time we tried it on his knees and got nothing. But in pro sports trainers don't have time for controlled studies. Our job is to get the player back on the court as quickly and safely as his health will allow. So when a trainer uses DMSO, he uses ice, ultrasound, acupuncture, anything—all at the same time. He doesn't have the time to sort his treatments."

"And who knows how much is in an athlete's head? So much of rehabilitation is psychological. When grandma gave you sulphur and molasses, it worked because medicine was supposed to be awful. Maybe DMSO works the same way on some guys."

In the field of athletic injuries, the most extensive studies on DMSO's effectiveness are being carried out with FDA approval by Work Research Productions of Salt Lake City. Brigham Young University trainer Marv Robertson has been associated with that testing, specializing in strains and sprains. "After almost three years of work I have concluded that

DMSO is effective on soft-tissue injuries," says Robertson. "It's erratic, but it has no side effects except an occasional rash and bad breath. It reduces recovery time by 50% on the average. It's amazing stuff. I think it should be legalized as a controlled substance."

"If aspirin were submitted to the FDA today for approval, considering the wide range of claims it makes, it would take 10 years for approval and it would be a prescription drug. And, unlike aspirin, DMSO hasn't been proven responsible for one death yet."

When all the hue and cry is set aside, when the claims that DMSO will cure quadriplegia and psychosis are laid to rest, most experts agree that it is effective in reducing pain and swelling. It may be quite useless in treating arthritis, but for athletes it appears to be a harmless, often effective anti-inflammatory agent and analgesic, what one physician calls "muscle-bound aspirin."

Oregon Orthopedist Stan James, the "runner's doctor" who treats most of America's top track and field competitors, has perhaps the most reasonable view of DMSO.

"DMSO is no miracle," he says. "It's effective, yes. But when you withhold something from the public, whether it's laetrile, marijuana, liquor or *Playboy*, an artificial madness is created. DMSO is not dangerous. Legalize it, and it will take its place in the pharmacology of sports medicine. People won't believe it, but miracles are few and far between. Penicillin was the last one, and DMSO is not penicillin."

The FDA is trying to speed up the creaky bureaucratic process for approving the stuff. Agency spokesmen believe the go-ahead to use DMSO as a prescription treatment for injuries could come in a year or two.

In the meantime, if you see your favorite local athlete at the horse track with a limping dog on a leash, he's not there to bet the trifecta, he's looking for the vet. And if you go up to get his autograph, better hold your nose.



The breath thing is awful, says 49er Randy Cross. "It's death breath."

SPORTING A WHOLE LOT OF SPORT



KMOX RADIO'S HYLAND, BUCK, COSTAS: THEY'RE WHERE IT'S AT

A few years ago hockey announcer Dan Kelly of KMOX radio in St. Louis invited listeners to write in for free NHL schedules. The response all but floored him. "We got requests from 46 different states, five provinces of Canada and even a tricking from Europe," he says. "I realized then that we weren't merely the big voice of the Midwest, but maybe the No. 1 hockey station in America."

Better still, KMOX is very likely the No. 1 sports station in America. Whereas in other cities the broadcasting of local teams is divided among several stations, in St. Louis all the local clubs are carried by KMOX. At 1130 on your dial, it is the only major radio station in the country that allocates fully a quarter of its programming to sports. That comes to some 350 live events a year, including the full schedules, home and away, exhibition and regular season, of the football and baseball Cardinals, as well as University of Missouri football and basketball. Blues hockey. Steamers indoor soccer and a myriad of other pro and college events in which St. Louis teams aren't involved but which St. Louisans might enjoy. For instance, after broadcasting the Cardinals-Phillies and the Blues-Penguins games last Saturday, KMOX went live to Las Vegas for the Lanny Holmes-Trevor Berbick WBC heavyweight championship fight. Says KMOX General Manager Bob Hyland, "Anything we do to keep the fans interested is a plus for us."

Hyland, who shows up at KMOX each day at 3 a.m. and stays until 6 p.m., spends copiously on coverage. When the NFL Cardinals played a 1976 preseason game against San Diego in Japan, Hyland not only picked up the tab for rugby and line charges to cover the game but also sent three broadcasters and the entire Cardinal cheerleading squad to Tokyo. KMOX broadcast the game live, beginning at 4 a.m. St. Louis time.

Hyland's staff is easily the largest, most talented, best-informed in radio sports. No fewer than 35 broadcasters are on the KMOX payroll, including athletes, coaches, newspapermen and eight fulltime professionals, half of whom moonlight for networks. During the football season, KMOX listeners can pop off directly to Cardinal Quarterback Jim Hart and Offensive Tackle Dan Dierdorf, who frequently field questions on the station's popular call-in show. Sports Open Line, Missouri football Coach Warren Powers, baseball Cardinal Manager Whitey Herzog and Shortstop Gary Templeton are also KMOX performers. St. Louis Post-Dispatch columnist Bob Beeg and Bob Burns of the Globe-Democrat are regulars, too, as are Dick Young of the New York Daily News and Joe Buschbaum of Pro Football Weekly.

Among the fulltime broadcasters at the station, four are nationally known. The biggest name is Jack Buck, who for the past two years has been the play-by-play man for Monday Night Football on CBS radio. At KMOX he is the voice of Cardinal baseball. Canadian-born Kelly, who does the Blues games for the station called CBS' NHL Game of the Week until the network dropped hockey in 1972. He is generally regarded as the sport's finest announcer.

KMOX's brightest young star is 29-year-old Bob Costas, who works some 45 events a year for NBC-TV. When Hyland hired him in 1974 to call games of the Spirits of the

ABA, Costas was the youngest major league play-by-play man in the country. He now works Missouri basketball and co-hosts Open Line.

Open Line's other host is Bill Wilkerson, a golden-throat wit who does his homework. Wilkerson handles the color on Missouri and Cardinal football. You may have heard his voice analyzing the last two Senator Bewick for the CBS radio network.

All KMOX staffers agree that the most enjoyable assignment is hosting Open Line, which is on the air for at least two hours seven nights a week and receives as many as 2,500 calls during the course of a single show. Sometimes the hosts put everybody on hold to do their own thing. Three years ago Wilkerson created a segment called Great Confrontations, in which he'd phone two famous adversaries—Bob Gibson and Billy Williams, say—and let them go at it. "Most radio people are lazy," Buck says. "Everything's automated, pre-packaged. They work three hours a day and complain they're being over-worked. Our guys love work."

Indeed, they often go out of their way to find it. Once an Open Line caller asked Costas which baseball team he considered better, the 1927 Yankees or the 1934 Cardinals. Costas was stung—Murderer's Row or the Gas House Gang. He told the caller to give him some time. That night Costas dived off his Strat-O-Matic Baseball Game, matched up the two lineups and began rolling the dice. Several nights later he re-created the game, complete with play-by-play, anecdotes about the players, crowd roars and the crack of the bat. It was a two-hour broadcast, with New York winning 6-1 on Babe Ruth's two-run, seventh-inning triple off Yankee Stadium's 407-foot sign in deep right. Dizzy Dean took the loss.

Such energy keeps KMOX listeners close to their speakers. There are 37 radio stations in metropolitan St. Louis and, according to the latest Arbitron ratings, KMOX draws nearly one listener out of four. Its 23.4 audience share is the second-highest among all stations in the top 50 U.S. markets. Why? Maybe Wilkerson says it best. "We don't want to hear what everybody else is doing," he says. "We just got on the phones and scratch where it itches."

END



**"My wife and I could afford to build
this house on both our salaries.
"Then she died."**

"Laurie's job meant a great deal to this family.

"With both of us working, it meant we could finally afford to give our kids a house to grow up in. A back yard to play in. And still be able to put some money away for the future.

"Then Laurie died.

"And suddenly, the things we worked so hard for together, I just can't afford alone."

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**IT HELPS TO KNOW
SOMEONE WITH MONEY.**

The Atlanta Braves sat in their dug-out last Friday evening and quietly observed the Opening Day ceremonies. A choir sang, a former hostage in Iran threw out the first ball, fireworks exploded and Umpire Eric Gregg, 106 pounds lighter than he was at the end of the 1980 season, walked onto the field. Only that last spectacle astonished the Braves. "Hey, where's the rest of you?" called Jerry Royster. "You're looking good. Fine," said Gaylord Perry. The young umpire was startled for a moment. "I couldn't believe it," he said later. "Perry actually called me by my real name." When the Braves last saw Gregg, the 6' 3" umpire weighed 357 pounds. "We

have a lot of fun with him," said Perry. "He has a great sense of humor. He can take a lot and still do a serious job."

At 29, Gregg is the second-youngest umpire in the major leagues. "Managers and players always are on young guys like me," he says. "They're trying to test our ability to stay in charge of the game. They look for weaknesses, sensitive spots. In my case, the Achilles' heel was pretty obvious. Hell, I was so fat I couldn't even tie my shoes without calling time."

Gregg became known to the Braves as "Rerun," a nickname based on a tubby character in the TV sitcom *Who's Happening?* The Cincinnati Reds called him Fat Albert, after Bill Coshy's jovial

creation. The Montreal Expos sent a ball boy out to Gregg with a high-rise sandwich stacked with pounds of cold cuts. The New York Mets put batting helmets in the seats of their pants, stuffed their shirts with towels and paced up and down yelling, "You're out!"

"The kidding never got to me," says Gregg. "If it had, I would have been buried. I cracked up over that sandwich. I wanted to eat it, but it wouldn't even fit in my mouth."

"I stopped the tons-of-fun stuff if it got mean. When that happened, the guy was gone." Last year Gregg had a run-in with Philadelphia Manager Dennis Green. "He called me Rerun, and then he threw in a Fat Albert 'Hey hey hey.' So far, so good. But then he started saying I was too fat to umpire. I'm clearing this up, you understand. Then he humped my belly. That was a no-no." Gregg responded with an epic rejection move: he crouched, spun around, jumped out and fired his arm at the sky. "It was great," he says. "The only problem was the button that flew off my jacket. I'm glad Green didn't notice. It would have spoiled the effect."

But Gregg came to realize last season that his weight was endangering something far more important than a flamboyant gesture. "My wife had been on me to reduce," he says. "So had the league. But I just wasn't mentally ready to do it. The weight wasn't affecting my work, so why worry. Then one day Umpire Harry Wendelstedt made the comment that I had two beautiful boys and that I had better do something about myself if I wanted to live long enough to raise them. Harry woke me up."

After the season Gregg decided to cancel Rerun. His shrink was Gus Hoefling, strength and flexibility expert for the Phillies. Hoefling put his patient on a regimen that included situps, 1½-mile jogs, runs up the steps of Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, where Gregg lives, and frequent purchases of bottled water and fresh vegetables. Gregg said to Hoefling, "Look, let's not overdo this. I'm an umpire, remember? I only have to call the bases. I don't have to steal them."

continued

Rerun redesigns his act

Umpire Eric Gregg, once the butt of fat jokes, has taken off 106 pounds



Gregg weighed 357 in this 1980 to do with Green, but look at him now

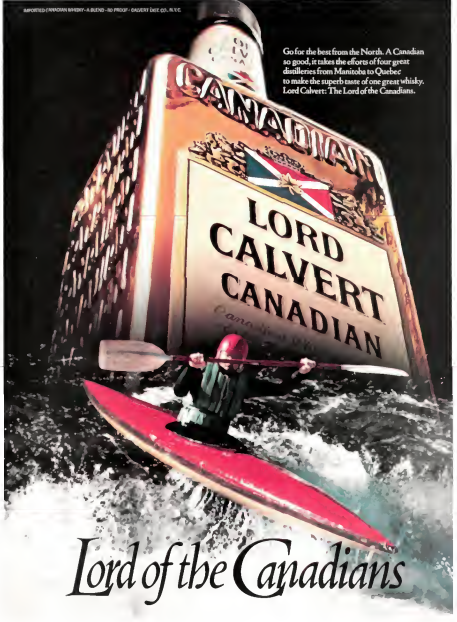




Some men can't wait to be another year older.

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Lord of the Canadians

Gregg lost the argument and, during the next 14 weeks, more than 100 pounds. He dramatized his new look by gathering his wife, his sons (one aged two, the other 10 months) and himself inside one of his old uniforms. Now Gregg had a new nickname. He had become The Incredible Shrinking Umpire.

Gregg grew up on Philadelphia's west side. "Even cheating. I was a C-minus student," he says. "All I dreamed about was playing professional sports." But success in athletics was not to be. Asthma ended Gregg's football career after three days, and in baseball all he achieved was three junior varsity seasons. He graduated from high school in 1968, when he was 17, and went to work as a printer's apprentice. One day he was watching NBC's Game of the Week when Curt Gowdy read a promo for the Baseball Umpires Development Program. "If you think you have the stomach and guts for the job, call..." Gregg phoned Barney Deary, head of the development program, who told him he had to be 19 before he could enter, but that in the meantime he could test his interest by working American Legion and high school games.

Gregg did, and in the winter of 1971, now 19, he arrived at the umpire school in St. Petersburg, where he proceeded to dazzle his teachers. "We were given lots of abuse," he says, "to show us what we were getting into. Some kids folded when they were called obscene names, but for me it was just like being back in the ghetto." He graduated near the top of his class and received a trophy from none other than Dallas Green. He began working that season in the Class A New York-Penn league for \$250 a month, plus another \$250 for expenses, and by 1974 was a Pacific Coast League umpire. He felt sure that he would get a job in the National League. "There were four jobs open in 1976," he said. "I was told to report to spring training. I weighed 190 pounds. I was in the best shape ever. But I was passed over. At first, being black helped me get the shot—people knew me. I was seen—but in the long run I think it slowed my progress."

Gregg went back to the minors and re-talented by becoming, he says, a junk-food junky. "I saw that it didn't matter if I was a thin umpire, so I worked hard at being a fat one. I devoured mustard pretzels, cheeseburgers, cheese steaks, and washed everything down with beer."

The anger, if not the appetite, was dis-

pelled when Gregg was called up to the National League for the final days of the '76 season. His first game was in Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati. When his name was announced over the P.A. system he yelled with delight, startling Second Baseman Joe Morgan. Gregg worked 77 games the following season and became one of the National League's 24 full-time umpires in 1978.

"I love umpiring," he says. "I can see myself doing it for 20 more years. I make \$27,500 a year, a whole lot less than the millionaire players we have to babysit for, but before I'm done, I'll have worked in three or four World Series, five play-offs, three All-Star Games. How many players can expect that?"

Gregg's joy in his work is evident. At Philadelphia games he has taken a turn between innings with the Phillie Phanatic, the club's costumed mascot. "I'm the only umpire who'll dance with the Phanatic," he says, "because I'm the only umpire who can dance." Even controversy seems to help him. In Philadelphia toward the end of the 1979 season, the Phillies' Keith Moreland hit a long drive down the leftfield line with two men on base. Gregg lost the ball in the lights. "Next thing I see is Mary Sue Styles, a Phillies' ball girl, jumping up and down, giving us a thigh high and yelling, 'Home run!' I believe Mary Sue. She's a fox. I call the ball fair, a home run. The Pirates circle me and I feel like Ward Bond in *Wagon Train*, so I look for my source for help. Mary Sue has vanished. So have the Phillies. I checked with Doug Harvey, who was working the plate, and I reversed myself and called the ball foul."

Dallas Green went crazy, but the Philadelphia press loved the story, and Gregg became a media discovery in that city. He has made three commercials for Phillies Franks, one for the First Pennsylvania Bank and spends the winters cruising the banquet circuit.

That Gregg could reverse his call and preserve his authority is significant. Harvey, in his 20th year as a National League umpire, says, "It takes five years for a good young umpire to get respect. Eric is progressing well. He has a chance to be outstanding. I only worry that the attention he's getting might detract from his talent."

But Gregg doesn't seem affected by the attention. "I don't hear comments from the spectators," he says, "unless they're very personal. In Philadelphia once I

called Larry Bowa out in a close play, and 40,000 people booed me. I looked up in the stands to my wife for comfort. She's a big Phillies fan. She threw her hands at me in disgust. That was one of the few times I thought that becoming an umpire was a dumb thing to do."

THE WEEK

(April 8-12)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL WEST Caught up in the jive de vivre that marks the commencement of each season was George Argyros, the new owner of the Mariners. During a four-game series against the Angels, Argyros ascended through the Kingdom, shook hands with fans, led "Go Mariner" cheers and even climbed atop the Seattle dug-out to join Bill the Beer Man in a chorus of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Argyros found particular satisfaction in three former Rangers who contributed to Friday's 10-2 victory. One was Jerry Don Gleason, a left-handed starter who allowed only four hits in 6½ innings. The others, DH Richie Zisk, who had a homer, and Shortstop Rick Auerbach, who had a single, double and two RBIs.

California took the opener of that series 6-2 as Brian Downing walloped a grand-slam home run in the first inning. Downing's blast came on a 3-2 pitch, as did a pair of two-run shots two days later by Tom Brunsan, a 6'4", 205-pound rookie outfielder who triggered the Angels' 7-6 triumph. Two others who made impressive Halo hellos were transplanted Bostonians. Fred Lynn, who poked a two-run homer in the second game, and Rick Burleson, who contributed three hits. Rod Carew's sent of home with two out in the ninth then gave the Angels a 7-6 lead in a Sunday game they went on to win 8-6.

Another ex-Red Sox, Carlton Fisk of Chicago, had one of the week's most dramatic hits. With the White Sox trailing the Red Sox 2-0 in the eighth inning of their opener at Fenway Park, Fisk recreated memories of his historic home run in Game 6 of the 1975 World Series by hitting a three-run round-tripper that shot Chicago to a 5-3 triumph.

When Don Zimmer was managing Boston in 1978, the Red Sox lost a playoff to the Yankees after Bucky Dent hit a three-run homer. Last week Dent continued to haunt Zimmer, now the skipper of the Rangers, by connecting for a three-run drive that helped knock off Texas 10-3. Before the next game Dent was given a carryall bag for appearing on a radio show. Dent promptly sent the gift to Zimmer with a note that said, "Nothing personal. I still love you." Nice gesture. But, once again, poor Zimmer was left holding the bag.

continued

Until Sunday, that is, when Texas beat New York 6-4.

Oakland Second Baseman Brian Doyle wound up holding something more important—the ball. This occurred in the sixth inning when the Twins had Glenn Adams on second and Gary Ward on first following an error by Third Baseman Wayne Gross. After getting the ball from Gross, Doyle tucked it in his glove and acted as if he had returned it to the pitcher. Adams took a short lead off second as Rick Langford prepared to pitch. Then Doyle consummated the hidden-ball trick by tagging out the chastened Adams. That play helped the A's win 6-3 behind Langford's five-hitter. Mike Norms and Matt Keough also went the distance and beat the Twins 5-1 and 3-0, respectively. And Steve McCarty yielded only three hits while subduing Minnesota 1-0. Much of the Oakland punch was supplied by Tony Armas, who had two home runs among his seven hits.

Ames Ditt, who made only four errors last season, and Larry Gura, who walked an average of barely two men per game in 1980, both flubbed up as Kansas City lost its opener at Baltimore 5-3. Ditts, shifted to left field after 11 years in center, dropped a fly in the fifth inning. Apparently unnerved by that mistake, Gura, who had already issued one walk in that inning, walked the next three batters, two with the bases full. Clint Hurdle, who didn't hit a homer off a lefty in 1980, tagged portside Mike Flanagan for one Sunday as Dennis Leonard stopped the Orioles 4-2.

OAK 4-0 CAL 3-1 CH 1-1 KC 1-1
TEX 1-2 SEA 1-3 MINN 0-4

AL EAST Changes in attitude, repertoire and signals enabled Detroit pitchers to take two 6-2 decisions over Toronto. Jack Morris, hitherto known for acting like Mount St. Helens when his fielders erred, didn't erupt once after his defense messed up on several plays. Morris allowed only five hits and won as Richie Hebner broke a 2-2 deadlock with a three-run homer in the seventh. Mike Wilcox of the Tigers then put his new forkball to use against the Blue Jays and won with relief help from Aurelio Lopez. To "take the pressure off the catcher," Pitching Coach Roger Craig now calls the pitches for the Tigers, he sits in a corner of the dugout and flashes signals to the catcher, who relays them to the mound. Toronto took the finale by another 6-2 score as John Mayberry hit a three-run homer.

A Yankee on the way in, Dave Winfield (page 42), and a Yankee who seemed to be on the way out, Bobby Murcer, drew special attention on Opening Day in New York. Murcer, who is 34 and narrowly survived being cut, ran the count to 3-2 and then slugged a pinch-hit grand-slam homer in the seventh inning to help make Tommy John a 10-3 victor. Three more New York home runs pol-

ished off Texas 5-1 in their next encounter. Joe DiMaggio, who used to hit many a homer for the Yankees, is now a member of the Oracle board of directors. After Joe D. tossed out the ceremonial first ball on Opening Day, Baltimore beat Kansas City 5-3.

One of the few places where the new season was not greeted with complete joy was Boston. Gone from last year's starting lineup were stalwarts Fred Lynn, Rick Burleson, Butch Hobson and Carlton Fisk, all of whom are with other teams, and Carl Yastrzemski missed his first Opening Day in 21 seasons because of back spasms. Fortunately for the Red Sox, Jim Rice was stiff on hand and his grand slam sank the White Sox 5-4.

Back-to-back home runs by Larry Hite and Gorman Thomas enabled Milwaukee to take a 5-3 opener in Cleveland, disappointing a crowd of 71,667. Mike Caldwell got the victory and Rollie Fingers nailed down the final five outs to earn a save. In between, Jamie Eassey fired two perfect innings of relief, giving rise to the hope that he will be able to lend Fingers a hand throughout the season.

ML 2-0 DET 2-1 NY 2-1 BAL 1-1
BOS 1-1 TOR 1-2 CLE 0-2

NL EAST It didn't take former Brave Gary Matthews long to learn how exciting it is to be a Phillie. In his second game for Philadelphia, Matthews lined a shot at St. Louis Shortstop Garry Templeton with the bases full and nobody out in the eighth. Seemingly unsure whether he had trapped the ball or caught it on the fly, Templeton pegged the ball home for an apparent forceout, and the Cardinal

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

FERNANDO VALENZUELA The 20-year-old rookie Dodger left-hander became the youngest Opening Day starting pitcher since Carlini Hunter in 1966, and went the route to defeat the Astros 2-0 with a nifty five-hitter.

fielders then tagged every Phillie and base in sight. Third Base Umpire Ed Vargo, however, had signaled that Templeton caught the liner, so what the Cardinals ostensibly pulled was a quadruple play. Undeserved, Philadelphia beat St. Louis 5-2. Bruce Sutter made his first appearance for the Cardinals the next day and sealed a 7-3 triumph over the Phillies with three innings of hitless relief.

Montreal and Pittsburgh split one-run games. The Expos took the opener 6-5 when Andre Dawson singled in the ninth, stole second and came home on Gary Carter's single. Homers by Dave Parker and Jason Thompson led the Pirates to a 3-2 victory on Sunday.

Tight pitching also prevailed in Chicago, where the Mets won two of three games from the Cubs. Neil Allen picked up a save in the

first game when he protected a 2-0 verdict for Pat Zachry and then won the finale 2-1 when Huber Brooks tripled in the ninth and came home on Mike Cubbage's sacrifice fly. Former Met Steve Henderson gave Chicago a 3-1 victory in the middle game when he tripled in two runs in the eighth.

NY 2-1 STL 1-1 MONT 1-1
PIT 1-1 CH 1-2 PHIL 1-2

NL WEST "When I go to the mound, I don't know what it is to be afraid," said Dodger rookie Fernando Valenzuela, 20, after blanking the Astros 2-0. Valenzuela, the youngest player in the National League, had thrown 20 minutes of batting practice the day before. After that stint, he learned he would start Opening Day because Jerry Reuss, the scheduled pitcher, had pulled a calf muscle. Valenzuela has not allowed an earned run in 26½ innings since joining Los Angeles last September. In the second contest of a three-game sweep by L.A., former Dodger Don Sutton allowed six runs in four innings as Houston lost 7-4.

The Reds stranded 14 men during their traditional season opener. Nonetheless, Cincinnati beat Philadelphia 3-2.

Atlanta fans have reason to hope their team might be entering a Brave New World. The Braves downed the Reds 5-3 with a four-run eighth in which Chris Chambliss slammed a two-run double and Dale Murphy a two-run homer. The victory was encouraging because it ended a string of nine Opening Day losses for Atlanta and came against Cincinnati, a club that beat the Braves 16 of 18 times last season. Murphy's RBI single in the eighth on Sunday knocked off the Reds again, 3-2.

Two new managers—Frank Howard of the Padres and Frank Robinson of the Giants—also had reason to be optimistic. Rebuilt San Diego, with only eight players left from last year's Opening Day roster, took the first game from San Francisco 4-1, by scoring three times in the 12th on hits by newcomer Juan Bonilla and Gene Richards. The Padres then won 4-2 as former Twin Dave Edwards had a tie-breaking pinch single in the eighth. San Diego's resocked bullpen did not give up a run in 3½ innings during the first three games.

Robinson was encouraged by the pitching of ex-Brave Doyle Alexander and Reliever Greg Minton during a 2-0 win over the Padres. Further hope was provided by Johnny LeMaster and Mike Iwa, favorites of Candlestick boobies. LeMaster, who once came to bat with the word *no* posted across his name on his uniform, had three hits in the 2-0 win. And Iwa, who quit the team midway through last season, had 30,311 Giant fans chanting his name after his fourth hit on Sunday, a single in the 14th, beat the Padres 7-6.

LA 3-0 ATL 2-1 SF 2-2
SD 2-2 CIN 2-2 HOU 0-3

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She pooled her talents

Tracy Caulkins, one of 700 swimmers competing in the U.S. Short Course Championships at Harvard last week, stood at poolside combing her hair moments after setting an American record of 1:57.02 in the 200-yard backstroke. This was Caulkins' ninth national championship meet, and in the eight previous ones she had won 27 titles—in freestyle, breaststroke, butterfly and individual medley. A friend approached her.

"Tracy," he said, "do you realize that you're the first person to win a national title and set an American record in every single stroke?"

"Oh, really?" she replied brightly. And then, moving on to more important matters, she asked, "How does my hair look?"

Ho hum. Another day, another American record. It was that kind of week for the 18-year-old from Nashville. In four days she set four American records—in that backstroke, the 400 IM, the 200 IM and the 100 breaststroke—to up her total to 31 national titles, the most ever by a woman, breaking the mark of 30 set by Ann Curtis in the 1940s. Caulkins undoubtedly would have set even more records, but the rules limit each swimmer to four individual events over four days. In fact, her lead-off leg in the 800 freestyle relay (1:45.74) was .39 second faster than Jill Sterkel's time for the 200-yard individual race.

Altogether, 12 American records were set in Harvard's Blodgett Pool, including five the first night. The most notable men's mark was set by 18-year-old Rick Carey from Mount Kisco, N.Y., who took the 200-yard backstroke in 1:46.00. John Naber, who had held the record of 1:46.09 since 1977, was on the pool deck

The Short Course Championships were a showcase for versatile Tracy Caulkins

at the finish to congratulate Carey. "Four years ago I told you you'd break my record," said Naber.

"Yeah, and who else did you say the same thing to?" said Carey, laughing.

Carey's record was set right after Caulkins', so in back-to-back backs there were back-to-back back records.

Carey was a lot happier with his time

than Caulkins was with hers. "I've always had this thing about coming close to winning and not doing it," he said. "I've been third about five times in nationals. It was really getting to me. But when I saw I was ahead with 50 yards to go, no way was I going to let anyone pass me." Caulkins, in what was to become a postrace refrain, said, "Truthfully, I was hoping to go faster."

Indeed, the next night, after peeling nearly four seconds off her own 400 IM record and winning by almost a full length of the 25-yard pool, Caulkins said, "I was hoping to go a little faster—in 4:02." And so, on Friday, the third day of competition, after Tracy had set her record in the 200 IM, nobody was surprised at all when she said, "I know I could have gone faster. It was a lack of mental preparation. I just did not get up there and attack it."

Caulkins started competing and winning at the international level when she was 14. That was in 1977, a year after the East German women had destroyed the American Olympic team by taking 11 of 13 gold medals in Montreal. Caulkins first came to notice that year by winning the American 100- and 200-yard breaststroke titles. Then, in a U.S. vs. East Germany meet she beat Montreal gold medalist Andrea Pollack in the 200 butterfly to establish her reputation internationally. The next year Caulkins was named the winner of the Sullivan Award, the youngest person to receive it in its 49-year history.

What's so remarkable is not that Caulkins has continued to get better and better, but that there still doesn't seem to be any end to what she can accomplish in a pool. She has had three coaches in five years at the



For blighted Tracy, the championships at Harvard were another bed of roses.

continued

THE RECORD HARVEST AT HARVARD

EVENT	SWIMMER	TIME	OLD MARK
WOMEN			
100-yard butterfly	Jill Sterkel*	52.99	53.10
100 breaststroke	Tracy Caulkins*	1:01.13	1:01.32
200 butterfly	Mary T. Meagher*	1:52.99	1:53.21
200 backstroke	Caulkins	1:37.02	1:37.79
200 IM	Caulkins*	2:27.11	1:57.86
400 IM	Caulkins*	4:04.53	4:08.09
1,000 freestyle	Kim Linsihan	9:29.97	(new event)
400 freestyle relay	Mission Vargo	3:19.53	3:19.70
800 freestyle relay	Mission Vargo	7:12.62	7:15.14
MEN			
200 backstroke	Rick Carey	1:46.00	1:46.09
1,000 freestyle	Brian Goodell*	8:58.54	9:00.10
400 freestyle relay	Mission Vargo	2:53.86	2:54.54

*Broke two American Short Course records

Nashville Aquatic Club, and when she enters the University of Florida this fall she will come under the tutelage of a fourth, Randy Reese, who is just as tough as she is. Here is what her first three coaches say about Caulkins:

- Paul Bergen (1975 to Sept. 1978): "She is one of the finest young ladies I've ever worked with, a genuinely nice human being. She handles disappointment really well."
- Don Talbot (1978-1980): "Any superlatives you can think of apply to her. She's the greatest woman swimmer that's ever been. She's capable of holding a world record in every stroke and every event."
- Ron Young (Sept. 1980 to the present): "Tracy is one of a kind. How many great athletes progress at that rate and still remain great persons?"

Here is what her future coach says about her: "Tracy expects so much from herself that it's far above what anyone else expects from her. I think she can do a lot better."

To find flaws in Tracy, you either have to be a good friend or her older sister Amy, now a top swimmer at Florida. "Tracy," says Amy, "is kind of uncoordinated out of the water. When we were kids, my brother Tim and I played baseball,

but we wouldn't let her play with us. She's not a wonderful athlete on dry land." Says a friend, "She's a complete klutz."

Today, Amy is Tracy's No. 1 fan, but she admits that from the age of 14 to 17 she was jealous of her kid sister's successes. "I couldn't stand to be in the same room with her," Amy says. "I felt a lot of pressure from Coach Bergen and from my peer group. They all wanted to know why—seeing I had the same genes as Tracy—I couldn't swim as fast as she could."

When she was 17, Amy decided she'd had it, so she left home to go to California and try out for the national water-polo team. Fortunately, she made the team and traveled to the 1978 world championships in Berlin, where Tracy was also competing. Amy says that making the team changed her entire attitude. She proved to herself that she could do

something really well, too. Now she and Tracy are very close. "She's the strongest person I've ever met in my life," says Amy. "Both mentally and physically."

Tracy's mental preparation is notoriously rigorous. "Before each event," she says, "I have a time in mind and what I expect to do. It's important to be ambitious and set high goals for yourself."

She is 5'9½" tall and weighs 133 pounds. Medical testing has shown that she has an extremely efficient heart, which pushes plenty of blood through her body, so that she does not suffer from extreme oxygen deprivation during a race. This is why, at the end of her races, she is never breathing hard. She also has a high pain threshold.

Tracy is not emotionally demonstrative. She never, ever thrusts a clenched fist in the air, as many swimmers do on winning an event. The biggest reaction one ever sees is a wide smile. And even that's not too common. "I do get excited," she says, "but I guess I don't show it outwardly."

On Saturday, the last day of the national championships, Carey won the 100-yard backstroke. Tracy got her record in the 100 breaststroke and there was a marvelous head-to-head swim between 16-year-old Mary T. Meagher of Lakeside Swim Club in Louisville and Sterkel, a sophomore at the University of Texas, for possession of the record in the 100-yard butterfly. Sterkel had wrested the mark from Meagher at the AIAA's in March, and Mary T. was determined to get it back. Sterkel did a blistering 24.78 split and outouched Mary T. by a fingernail, 52.99 to 53.00, to set an American record. That victory allowed Sterkel to tie Caulkins for women's high-

point winner with 80.

When Caulkins got up on the stand to accept her medal for the 100 breaststroke win, Harvard Swim Coach Joe Bernal presented her with a dozen long-stemmed roses. Bernal and the crowd were rewarded with a big smile. And not once did Tracy Caulkins say she should have gone a bit faster, which is not to say she wasn't thinking that very thing. **END**

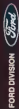


Caulkins now has set records in every stroke and passed Ann Curtis for most American titles

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Star guards Otis Birdsong and Phil Ford were on the sidelines because of injuries, but lowly Kansas City kept the faith and drove to a 3-1 playoff lead over Phoenix

A Kingdom of believers

Sum Lacey was relaxing in the Phoenix moonlight, trying very hard to look like an ingenue. It had been hours since the Phoenix Suns had dealt the Kansas City Kings a crushing 102-80 defeat in the opening game of their Western Conference semifinal series of the NBA playoffs, and now Lacey was sitting disconsolately in the hotel Jacuzzi while a woman he had never seen tried to guess his age. Lacey is the Kings' starting center, and though he's only 33, he has the look of such an ancient warrior that K.C. Guard Phil Ford claims Lacey once performed in the old Negro leagues. Steam rose from Lacey's aching knees as the woman studied his face. "Twenty-three," she said. Someone suggested she take a closer look. "You mean he's not

23?" she asked. Lacey rose from the swirling water and called for silence. "If this lady believes I'm 23," he said, "then it must be so. You must never question a true believer."

Lacey knows whereof he speaks, for he and his teammates were themselves the truest of true believers. That night the Kings had lost not only a game but also their leading scorer and only healthy starting guard—Ford having been injured in February—when Otis Birdsong crumpled to the floor of Veteran's Memorial Coliseum with a sprained right ankle. Birdsong, a 24.6-per-game scorer, would be lost for the duration of the series. Yet the Kings' faith in themselves wasn't shaken. Last week this bedrock confidence helped K.C. spin three re-

When the going got tough, Wedman was moved from forward to guard and the Kings got going

markable victories—Game 2 in Phoenix and Games 3 and 4 at home on the weekend—and build a commanding 3-1 lead in their best-of-seven series.

The Kings were on the verge of more than a mere upset. It was almost as if what was unfolding was some kind of vindication of the work ethic, an endangered species in the NBA. With or without Birdsong, the Kings didn't seem to belong on the same floor with Phoenix. The Suns had cruised into the playoffs by winning 57 games and the Pacific Division title. The Kings, who had a 40-42 record, had to beat Dallas, the worst team in the league, on the final day of the regular season to edge Golden State for a playoff spot. "We've had a lot of problems," said K.C. Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, "but we hung tough."

To his credit, Fitzsimmons got good mileage out of those problems, turning each new setback into a challenge. "After the first game in Phoenix, I had to reach back and draw on all my coaching experience to convince the players they could win," he says. "Now they believe."

Phoenix appeared to be in control following the opener, though there were portents of what was to come even in that lopsided game. Until the Suns finally got their running game untracked by scoring 10 unanswered points to take a 71-56 lead in the third quarter, Kansas City had set the kind of slow, plodding tempo the Kings must play to survive. Once Phoenix started to fast-break, the middle of the floor opened up, and the Suns went serenely about their business offensively, running their precision patterns with delicacy and finesse.

Phoenix Coach John MacLeod, who has a deep bench and uses it, was euphoric over the Suns' play in Game 1, and he seemed unconcerned about any possible psychological reversals following Birdsong's injury. "This club is as mentally well prepared as any I've had since 1976," MacLeod said, referring to the Suns team that went to the NBA finals, losing a classic series to Boston. *continued*



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"I don't see any chance of a letdown."

At the Kings' hotel that night, forwards Reggie King and Leon Douglas went over the K.C. loss in their room until 5 a.m. "We were so upset we couldn't sleep," King says. "We just talked about the game. It was embarrassing to get beat that way. We didn't want that to happen again. Ever."

Fitzsimmons decided to move Forward Scott Wedman to Birdsong's position, where he would join Ernie Grunfeld in one of the most peculiar backcourts in memory. Wedman is 6' 7", 233 pounds and not a particularly adept ball handler. Grunfeld had become the Kings' 6' 6", 222-pound point guard when Ford had surgery after he was accidentally poked in the eye during a collision with Golden State's Lloyd Free. Wedman was having his worst shooting year (47.7) since the 1976-77 season, and Grunfeld admitted that he was "probably the slowest guy on the team."

It is instructive—if not entirely fair—to note that the Kings were 8-3 in the regular season when Birdsong was out with various injuries, and that Fitzsimmons considers him one of his most expendable starters. After Ford, Fitzsimmons' most prized Lacey and then King. "That's not a knock at Otis," says Fitzsimmons, "but we struggled when he was on a scoring tear early in the season, and some of our best games came while he was injured. Somebody else can pick up the slack in scoring. But we have nobody who can do for us what Ford and Lacey do."

In Game 2 in Phoenix, the Kings clawed, grabbed, kicked and somehow hung on until the start of the third quarter, when Phoenix opened a 10-point lead by again cranking up its running game. But something went slightly askew for the Suns this time. The Kings, who would shoot only 22% in the period, slowed the game down again, and at the start of the fourth quarter they found themselves down by just two points. Wedman, who played all but 38 seconds of the game, took over for K.C. offensively, scoring 24 points and grabbing nine rebounds. King sealed Kansas City's 88-83 victory with a baseline turnaround that fell through just as the 24-second clock expired in the game's final minute. Grunfeld, too, came through 19 points, five rebounds, eight assists and five steals. "Maybe they didn't know the character of this team," said Lacey. "We've got the slowest backcourt in the league, and the

way we play we're probably killing CBS's ratings. But we don't quit."

Phoenix was clearly frustrated by K.C.'s slowdown style. "They were more aggressive than we were," said Dennis Johnson, who finished the second game with 31 points but was the only Sun to hit double figures. Truck Robinson, who was 4 for 13 from the floor and scored a mere 10 points in the opener, had only two points on 1-for-8 shooting in Game 2 and seven points on 2-for-6 shooting in Game 3. Robinson and Walter Davis had been the big guys for Phoenix all season, but Robinson suddenly became the big Truck that couldn't, and Davis began to disappear. He played only 27 minutes in Game 2 and 26 in Game 3, scoring seven and 17 points, respectively. Though Davis continued to pay lip service to MacLeod's shuttle substitution policy, privately he complained that he was not playing enough.

"The Suns are caught up in what's happening," Fitzsimmons said. "The pressure's all on them. There's none on us, we're living in a fairy-tale world. They're tight and they've got to be talking to themselves."

Fitzsimmons had been realistic about his team's chances going into the series, but he had also seen a flaw in the Suns' mental armor. "I don't think they're quite as cocky now as they were when the series began," he said.

Game 3 may have been the most important of the four because its result—93-92 K.C.—showed that the Kings' victory in Phoenix had been for real. Wedman hit the deciding basket from 16 feet with nine seconds to play, and finished with 22 points; King played a terrific second half and had 29 points and 11 rebounds, eight of them offensive. "I wasn't getting anything going playing under control," said King, "so I just went erratic out there." Said Fitzsimmons, "The ball went up on the board, and Reggie went after it like a young one should."

"The first game was the fluke in this series," said Alvan Adams, the Suns' 6' 9", 212-pound center, following Game 3. "We're to the point now where we're



King of the Kings gets a rebound in the 88-83 Game 2 win.

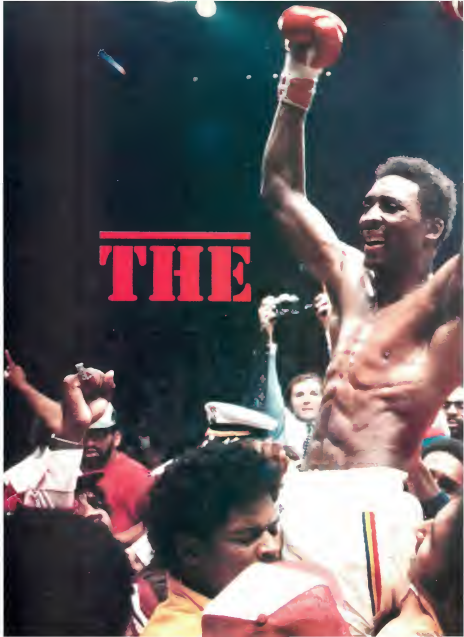
concerned. We have to win on Sunday."

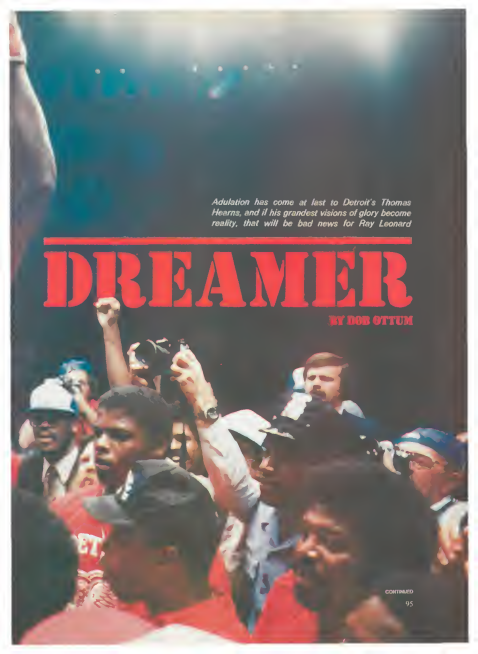
That the Kings pulled out yet another shocker in Game 4, this time 102-95, was partly a result of something else Adams had pointed out. "Both their guards weigh more than I do," he said. "They're very big." Moreover, with K.C. starting Lacey (6' 10", 250 pounds), Douglas (6' 10", 242 pounds) and King (6' 6", 244 pounds) up front, along with its all-Hulk backcourt, the Kings whipped Phoenix on the boards, thus preventing the Suns from generating many fast-break opportunities.

Most of the Suns refused to concede that Kansas City played any harder than they had, but the Kings had noticed that the Phoenix style seemed to be to glide through games. "I tell you what," said Lacey late Friday night. "They glide two more games, they may be gliding on home." On Sunday, the count was down to one.

END

THE





Adulation has come at last to Detroit's Thomas Hearns, and if his grandest visions of glory become reality, that will be bad news for Ray Leonard

DREAMER

BY DOB OTTUM

CONTINUED

TOMMY: Some folks say you're just about the best boxer in the whole world.

SUGAR RAY: Too true, my man. I'm the boss boxer. As for you, you're just a puncher.

TOMMY: But the people haven't seen me really. I mean really, box.

SUGAR RAY: Well, when we fight, I'm going to take it right to you, man.

TOMMY: You do that. And every time you come to me, I'm going to give you a little something to take back.

SUGAR RAY: Oh, really? What's that?

TOMMY: Some hurt, man. A lot of pain, man.

—One of Tommy Hearns' imaginary dialogues with Sugar Ray Leonard, a son of daydreams while sparring.

The dreams have always been there, wonderful and elaborate, great curlicued structures of the mind that he built all alone, without any help from friends and certainly not from school-teachers. Sometimes they were wryly funny dreams, but that was before he learned to control his puckish streak. After that they became more and more violent—as in let's pretend you're flat on your face. When you do this right, as Tommy Hearns has done, you emerge as a stony-faced grown-up, watching the world through hooded eyes so nobody knows what you're thinking.

One thing's for sure: Emanuel Steward, Hearns' manager and trainer, knows what his fighter is not thinking. "First time I saw this kid was in 1970," Steward says. "He was just 11 years old and he'd already been fighting for a year then. He was so scrawny it was awful; he weighed 55 pounds and his little old box-

ing pants were falling right off. I'd never seen anybody, ever, who had no fear of nobody. But Tommy didn't then, and he don't now."

And so here he is, at last, Hearns in maturity at 22, 6' 2½", 147 pounds, his body all whipcorded and heavy-braided. He will never again be quite as untouched as you see him at this moment, because he's at that transitory stage in life in which dreams are still undented and intact. Hearns has been fighting most of his life: he went 155-8 as an amateur, developing his hard, flicking left jab and a devastating right; since turning pro in 1977, he has had a 30-0 record, with 28 knockouts. Last Aug. 2 he became Thomas Hearns, the WBA welterweight champ, by savagely cooling Jose (Pipino) Cuevas in two rounds and setting off the celebration pictured on pages 94-95. Now he finally will get to fight the elusive Sugar Ray Leonard, who holds the

At the Kromb 300, Steward puts Hearns through the same survival-of-the-fittest training regimen that all the other fighters Steward manages must endure.





Lois Hearn gives a hug from her devoted son, who in turn receives an affectionate pat from his pet bulldog Whittie. The other? Blackie.

other 50% of the welter title, the WBC half. "I was afraid, man. I was afraid we were going to end up fighting in the lobby of some old folks home," Hearn says. But, with the championship bout just about set for sometime this autumn and a payday of \$5 million to \$8 million in prospect, it's a good time in his life.

Hearn expects to unify the title, as he puts it—but not too quickly. He wants to luxuriate in stretching the light out over several violent and possibly bloody rounds to make Leonard suffer for being so insolent. He wants to clear up that business about who is going to give the boxing lesson. That accomplished, he intends to move up to take on Marvin Hagler and become Thomas Hearn, middleweight champion, and then, gaining in poundage and prestige as he goes, the world light-heavyweight champion and, ummm—here he goes heavy-lidded and speaks with careful emphasis—"then maybe even the crooooooser weight. Nobody has ever done that before."

The goals are set. Hearn's character is now established, but he's still working, and has a long way to go, on his personality. He's almost—well, it's about this close—at the stage where he can give a little more rent to that puckish streak.

He strikes a proprietary pose, sitting on a polished fender of his new Rolls-Royce, for the picture on page 105. This is his idea of the suburban Detroit gentleman in his leisure. Those hooded eyes look out calmly, but at first there's a problem. It's that Tommy looks too sinister.

The photographer turns to Rick Evans, a bodyguard and friend of Hearn's. "Do something to make him smile," he pleads. "Get him to say 'cheese' or something."

Evans shrugs grandly. "You want to see Thomas smile, man? I'll make him smile."

But Hearn locks his jawline, tightens the look on his face and narrows his eyes a bit more. No way, folks. This is a mean snapshot; people are going to see this picture and know that it's the portrait of one bad dude.

Then Evans leans over and crows in the champ's ear. "Don't say cheese, man. Just say body shot."

And that does it. The eyes light up and a smile creases that baleful countenance.

These are indeed the times *continued*





Kallen, once a reporter, is part Heavy Huggins, part Emily Post and part Sniffy Lazor to Hearns.



In winning the title from Curtis, Hearns showed he could out-box even a highly regarded boxer.

he dreamed about and always knew would come, even when the only one who believed in him was Steward. His life and his career so far have fallen into place, almost like the pieces of a puzzle. Fit them together and you get Tommy Hearns.

MAMA AND EMMANUEL AND JACKIE

"To me, boxing was like one of those pictures in an old *Lit* magazine," she says. "I mean, they never showed fighters looking nice, you know what I mean? They'd show pictures of them all bloody, ugh, with their eyes beat half shut. And when my baby came to me and said he wanted to be a boxer, well... my heart felt to my knees."

Lois Hearns is a bona fide suburbanite now, wearing a long red hostess gown, with her hair styled attractively in bangs and a modish sweep of sideburn. She lives in a new ranch-style house in northwest Detroit, in a neighborhood of well-kept homes that's solidly middle-class. Tommy bought the place for her and his eight brothers and sisters two years ago. The furnishings are all new and expensive: a color television set and a bookcase full of silver boxing trophies and an ornate, gold-finished coffee table and white sectional couches covered with clear plastic slipcovers. A *Bosvier des Flandres* watchdog and two pit bulldogs patrol the fenced-in backyard. A new cream-and-blue Cadillac sedan sits at the curb. Lois Hearns doesn't know how to drive, so Tommy has hired a man to drive her. Gold chains reflect a soft light at her throat.

"Mr. Hearns and I separated when Tommy was very young," she says. "He went off and I had to raise nine children all alone. This was over on Helen Street on the East Side, it was pretty bad over there. A lot of it is burned out now. I worked as both a clerk in a store and as a beautician, and it was hard. I'd come home and I'd sit down and say, 'Lord, I'm so tired,' and little Tommy would come up to me and hug me and kiss me and say, 'I'm sorry, Mama.' He said some day he'd buy me all the things I never had—a house of my own and nice clothes. 'I'm going to fill your lap up with money,' he told me." She pauses and raises one hand to her throat, it is a familiar, age-old mother's gesture. "If only it wasn't boxing. Oh, I know he's in control, but I get so scared, I just don't like the idea of him getting hit."

continued

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Still, Lois Hearn now has, in effect, the promised lump of money. She holds out her left arm. "See? He bought me this gold watch for Christmas. It cost \$2,700. He just hits the ceiling if he ever sees me wearing anything less than the very best." But then she grows pensive again, and speaks softly. "Let me see if I can put this right. I don't want you to get the wrong idea. It's hard to make anybody but a mother understand, but while I don't want him to grow old—I don't want him to be an old man—I'll sure be glad when he can retire."

Across town, an hour or so later, Tommy reflects on his childhood. He's wheeling toward the gym in his new black Corvette. He drives much too fast and not too well, with the cool drudgery of a 22-year-old who figures he's unbreakable.

"Mom told me no, I couldn't be a fighter," he says. "But I was the oldest boy—I got two sisters older than me—and I would holler and carry on something awful. And when that didn't work, I'd just stand around looking all sad-eyed until I got my way. But the thing is, mom, what my mama didn't realize, what nobody felt but me, was that I always knew I would make it to the top. I knew it. It came to me in a dream while I was sitting on a playground swing."

Talking about fighting warms Hearn, and suddenly he hovers on the very edge of being animated—holding back only because he's wary of saying the wrong thing, and of sounding gauche or uneducated. Hearn dropped out of school a long time ago; it's hard to say in which grade because it just sort of happened. "But I learned to fight," he says. "I worked and studied it. If I got beat up or did something sloppy in the gym, I'd go home and work on it until I got it right. Man, it was hard work. It's got to become—um, something you do without thinking about it—instinct. And now people—someone said the other day, isn't it romantic?" He shakes his head at what he feels

is the wrongness of the word and then goes on to explain the rightness of his romance with the sport. "I love it," he says. "Man, I love to get in there and perform. I love the one-on-one feeling. You know, trying different shots on people."

"You know what it is? Man, it's like

know, to the combat. It's the chance."

"What it is," says Steward, "is something inside that kid that's always been there. I saw it when he was little, fighting for the King Solomon Baptist Church boxing team. Skinny little kid, like I said, with his hilt hanging out. But he was so competitive. I didn't particularly want to handle him—but yet I couldn't turn away from him. It was like he had an eternal flame, or whatever you call it. I mean, listen: he's fighting out of the toughest gym in the country. You'll see it; it's like no other place in the world. Those guys at Kronk, they're not fighting just to get better, man. They're fighting for their very lives, and they've got to get better or they get out."

Steward is 36, a handsome, earnest man with a horizontal frown right at his browline, as if the doctor had given him a karate chop to the forehead at birth. More likely, it came from his days as a bantamweight—he was the national Golden Gloves champ in 1963. He's perfectly honest about his fight club: he merely nods in agreement as Prentiss Byrd, his No. 1 lieutenant, says, "Listen, around Kronk is where they take nickels off dead men's eyes. Emanuel says they're fighting for their lives. Well, sometimes you may have to fight for your life just getting from the parking lot to the front door."

"But let's look at what this did for Tommy," Steward says. "You take Sugar Ray Leonard. I guess it had got so he couldn't walk down the street without hearing it. When you going to fight Tommy Hearn?" His wife was probably asking him: all his friends, and his kids were asking him, they got it from their playmates. He must have woke



Aspiring policeman Hearn doesn't go fighters armed into the night

up in one big chance. You know what I'm talking about? Look. You could get mugged, you could get cut or robbed today. So if you're going to do anything in life, you got to take the chance, man. You got to take it, and if you're fighting, you got to put some hurt on him. I look forward to the, you

up in the middle of the night and screamed, "Tommy!" And I'll tell you what the sad part is, man. This fight has been building for too long. And a strange thing has taken place. Pay attention now. As Sugar Ray moves along, his fights are getting tougher for him. And as Tommy moves along, his fights are getting easier.

continued

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ter. Now you tell me who is going to put the hurt on *who*.

"There was a time when I used to say it'd be a close fight between those two, but no more. Now I got to say to Sugar Ray, 'Forget it, man. If you were going to make a move, you should've done it a lot earlier. It's too late, buddy.'"

With the unified championship and those other titles firmly locked in his mind, Hearns is working hard to rise to his image of them culturally. He wants to be a well-liked champion, maybe even a bit of a boulevardier, like Ray Robinson in his heyday. Hearns wants desperately to be both gracious and glib, to rip off full, flowing sentences without saying "man" every other word. He wants to be at ease on television, in front of crowds, at Kiwanis luncheons or award banquets—to react quickly and wittily. Byrd, Hearns and many of the other Kronk fighters watch Johnny Carson and do imitations of people on the show for each other the next day. Byrd claims he

has memorized every show Carson ever did—and Byrd is smooth and urbane.

The reason Hearns speaks so softly now is that he's easing out the things he wants to say, mumbling the words with his head down, staring at his big hands. His impressive face masks the impenetrable side of Tommy Hearns, and the dreams.

The person working hardest to bring Hearns out of his shell is the most unlikely member of the champ's entourage. A reporter for a suburban Detroit newspaper, Jackie Kallen came to do a story on Hearns in 1978 and just sort of stayed on. Now she's the staff publicist. Kallen is in her 30s, white, the mother of two, an expensively disheveled blonde with a fly-away hairstyle and an amazing wardrobe of what appear to be Phyllis Diller castoffs. She is an inveterate deal-maker on Hearns' behalf, even to his shirts and the smallest of items—and it seems safe to say the day that Tommy buys anything at retail, a giant thunderclap will wipe out Detroit.

It's Kallen who is patiently leading Hearns into the world of sophistication. More than anyone else around him, she appreciates the boxer's dilemma: society expects a fighter to be an unleashed savage in the ring and then, after showering, to become Cary Grant. In that regard Hearns is proving to be a quick study, taking in everything with those heavy eyes. "I've never seen anyone so eager to learn, anyone who wants so much to do the right thing socially at all times," Kallen says. On one recent trip to shop for formal wear, Hearns stood agonizing for a long time over a selection of tuxedos in midnight blue, in gray and in burgundy. "So he bought all three," Kallen says proudly.

Hearns' evening wear in hand, Kallen came up with an inspired gift—a present she brought back from a New York trip. Hearns is now probably the only boxer in any weight class who carries his gear—dirty socks, cups, jock, tape and trunks—in a Gucci gym bag. Of

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such things are sophisticates made.

Nobody in Detroit knows this, but Kallen also found a private tutor for Hearn, though she is quick to point out that this isn't a welterweight road show of Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday*. "The tutor isn't for the basic stuff like reading and writing," she says, "but for the niceties in life; those little things that you don't learn when you're fighting your way out of the ghetto. Like maintaining steady eye-contact with someone when you're talking. And smiling a lot. Or always remembering to say an interviewer's name over and over again on television. You know, 'I'm glad to be here on your show, Bryant Gumbel,' or 'Thank you very much, Mister Schenkel.' It always makes the interviewer feel important, and you get asked back. And Tommy desperately wants to talk right."

Kallen concedes that until she got full control recently, things had not always been done so classily. Hearn posed for the December 1980 cover of *The Ring*

magazine in a gangster rig, complete with slouch hat and machine gun, that played off his Motor City Hit Man image, a nickname that Hearn is now trying to put behind him. After the second Leonard-Roberto Duran fight, Hearn appeared uninvited at the press conference and, on cue from Steward, threw a rubber chicken on the floor at Leonard's feet. It was supposed to draw delighted chuckles from the press—but didn't. "We don't want to look that gauche again," Kallen says.

As Hearn has progressed fistically, sartorially and socially, so has his financial standing. He received a \$500,000 purse for the championship bout with Cuevas and has another \$500,000 payday coming up on the 25th of this month, when he meets fifth-ranked Randy Shields in Phoenix. Not too long ago Kallen accompanied Hearn to a Chevy dealership to buy his first Corvette. He enjoyed the experience so much that he went back and bought another one, so

now he has a black one and a white one. And on a shopping trip for a new Mercedes—Hearn and Kallen had a \$60,000 model in mind—there on the showroom floor, there in all its quiet black-and-silver elegance, they saw a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow II.

"Tommy's eyes just sort of lit up when he saw it," Kallen says, "and then he sat down in it and gently ran his fingertips over the upholstery. That did it." The Rolls was priced at about \$85,000, Kallen says—but, typically, she talked to the salesman a bit until "we determined that we were in the same area." But perhaps the clincher came when the salesman asked Hearn, as discreetly as possible, "Can you afford this car?"

It's to Tommy's credit that he took the guy out with a look, not a right.

Tim Gyn

The sight of the building startles a visitor conditioned by war movies. My God, this place is under attack! *continued*

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Which is true in a not entirely metaphorical way: generations of good and bad guys have chipped away at the reddish brick and sandstone. The building has been shot up and hammered upon, and the floors and walls have been gouged. This was once a school, but the kids fled long ago when the neighborhood turned upon itself. The building is bordered by vacant lots strewn with broken glass. Some of the windows are boarded up and slabs of sheet metal cover the doors; over all is a splash of graffiti. Inside the main entrance, when the door swings open, marijuana smoke hangs in dense layers, stacked according to its age and quality.

This is Kronk Recreation Center. Kronk. What a strange name. It rings like a hit on the head. Yet there really was a Kronk, a fellow named John F. Kronk, a councilman of some yesterday, whose name is now hung on this structure on Detroit's upper southwest side. This building is the home of the Kronk gym, and it will make the councilman more famous than any civic deed he might have accomplished.

The gym is in the basement. You go down a set of scarred stairs to doors whose knobs have long since disappeared; you put your fingers into the hole and pull the door open. The room is low-ceilinged, and Steward, who operates the gym as coordinator of amateur boxing for the city, keeps it at 95°—partly because he wants his fighters to sweat heavily and partly because there's really nothing he can do about it, with the ventilation the way it is.

It's no contest—this is the toughest gym in the country. It survives on its own tension and the meanest sort of camaraderie. The Kronk amateurs, about 40 of them, have won the Detroit Golden Gloves as a team for seven years in a row. You survive the Kronk; indeed, you become a Kronk; you turn pro, and maybe Steward will get you fights, man. This is mathematics of the most elementary kind, you get fights, you get money, you get out of that part of town. You could become a Hearns or a Hilmer Kenty, the WBA lightweight champion until last Sunday, when he lost his title on a decision to Sean O'Grady in Atlantic City. Joe Frazier's or Gleason's or Dundee's Fifth Street Gym, they're all tough, heaven knows. But compared with Kronk, they are gentlemen's sporting clubs.

"You'll note that we don't have any

sparring partners," Steward says. "A luxury we can't afford, and I don't believe in them anyway." He slouches to one side of the grimy 18-foot ring. He's wearing black velvet jeans and a black velvet pull-over shirt, and a single gold chain gleams at his throat. He is drenched with sweat. "Look," Steward says, "why get a guy whose job is to spar, a guy who'll take punches all day, and then you give him his \$150 or whatever it is, and he goes out and gets drunk? Listen, we make our guys fight each other; it's not their job, it's their mission. Friendliness vanishes inside this ring. You jive around, they drive you out. Man, they would literally kill a sparring partner."

Here is the Gospel According to Emanuel. Whatever your weight class, you work out with somebody bigger. Well, it starts as a workout and most always ends as a fight; this is the Kronk style. The gym rats slapping rope or shadowboxing around the edges of the room stop to watch and yell, "Get it on, man!" After three regulation rounds, more or less, since the clock isn't quite right, the man being worked out stays in the ring and Steward sends in someone fresh and possibly bigger. Three more rounds, and in comes yet another big guy. "Even the champs fight for their tails in there," Steward says. Nine rounds of that sort of thing and the trainee is looking forward to his next fight, if only because

it'll be with someone his own size and surely a hell of a lot easier than this routine.

On this sweaty afternoon Hearns is working out with Kenty, or possibly it is the other way around. Anyway, they are belling each other. Both men are tall for their weight classes—Kenty is 5' 11"—and both fight in what might be called the Kronk style. Steward stresses the left hand carried a bit lower than looks safe—the better to counter quickly, he says—and the right hand cocked in a manner that is reminiscent of Joe Louis. When the right is thrown, the body comes around with it.

But Hearns is beyond being merely stylish. He's silky in his moves, stunningly fluid; he weaves a bit from the waist in a cobra-like pattern. "I do a lot of tricking," he says, "a lot of feints. I'm pretty good at making the other person think the opposite of what I'm going to do. It always throws him off. He tries to regroup—and I'm on him." Hearns gets on his man in several ways, all of them aided considerably by his 78½-inch reach and the leverage it provides. An unwary opponent will see Hearns feint to his left, as Alfonso Hayman did in their April 3, 1979 fight, but will not see the overhand right coming from out of the sky. Hearns dropped rights in on Hayman throughout the 10-round bout which Hearns won on a decision. It was Hearns' 18th continued



The champ recently added a Rolls-Royce to his stable of cars, which includes two Corvairs.



Hearns shows his pinball wizardry to Prentiss Bird (center) and Rick Evans, his bodyguard

pro fight, and he had wanted to stretch it out for practice, his first 13 fights having averaged just 2.2 rounds as he scored knockout after knockout with that heavy right hand. In the third round of the Hyman fight, Hearns had indulged himself in a little disco-pump, a thing he does occasionally when a clownish mood seizes him, and between the fifth and sixth he turned to Seeward in the corner, perfectly relaxed, and said conversationally, "Y'know, I wonder why the ref doesn't come in and stop all this."

Hearns' growing public has been so mesmerized by his ferocious punch and string of knockouts that it has paid little heed to his considerable boxing skill. "I'm basically straight-up and moving," Hearns says. "What you'd call a boxer-puncher. Man, I love it when someone decides to come to me; that's just made for me. I can pop in jab after jab with this long left and kill 'em with the right."

Bruce Curry, a welterweight of modest renown, was such an attacker. Hearns counterpunched him so savagely that Curry was gone in three. That was in June 1979. In March 1980, Angel Espada, a boxer vaguely remindful of Leonard, also tried aggression. Hearns dropped him twice in three rounds, and Steward's own tape of the fight shows Es-

pada talking passionately to his cornermen before going out for No. 4. It was obvious that he definitely disliked the way the fight was going. And with good reason. Early in the next round—Kronk!—Hearns decisively dropped Espada again. Espada rose shakily to his knees somewhere in midcount and looked knowingly back at his corner. End of fight, and end of career, not long after that Espada retired from boxing.

There's no question that Hearns can dish it out, but can he take a good belt? The veteran trainer Cus d'Amato once opined that Hearns "keeps his chin up too high, like a lantern in a storm," and other critics have noted that it seems eminently possible to come winging in over Hearns' low left hand. Still, Hearns' head has been tested from time to time—on one trying occasion by Mike Colbert, who is a heavily muscled middleweight. In this over-the-weight fight—Hearns weighed 152 to Colbert's 158—on Nov. 30, 1979 in New Orleans, Colbert alternately lifted, pushed, punched, belted and bear-hugged Hearns around the ring. Normally, Hearns is expressionless during a bout, weighing his man with that hooded look. But each time Colbert hit him, he would nod appreciatively, as an opponent might acknowledge a clean,

driving layup scored against him by Magic Johnson. Nice bucket, man, you caught me flat-footed. But Colbert was to suffer for his temerity. "I turn into another person when I get hit," Hearns says. "I get all full of revenge and I want to take the guy's head off." Hearns knocked Colbert down four times and broke his jaw en route to a 10-round decision.

It also should be noted that before last August's title match with Cuevas, Angelo Dundee had dire warnings for Hearns. Dundee's sentiments clearly lay with Cuevas, known to be a hard puncher with a particularly vicious hook. Said Dundee on national television, "One should never hook with a hooker." Hearns was anxious to test that old maxim. First thing, Cuevas hooked and Hearns hooked back. Then Hearns pumped in three quick jabs and proceeded to hook Cuevas silly. That was before the stunning knockout right hands, but it was on seeing Hearns outhook Cuevas that the experts realized there would be a new champion.

THE COP

"Last night this guy got shot. It's getting bad out there. Man, he was shot with a .45, and he got himself up and he ran away before the police got there. I mean, he was the victim, you see? He wasn't the shooter—nobody ever saw the shooter—but he got up and run off before we got there. Now is that real or what? You got to wonder if he's lying up somewhere, all dead."

Officer Thomas Hearns, Badge No. 1220, Detroit reserve policeman, is leaning against the wall at Kronk, talking to his pals about the previous night's tour of duty. His partner, a regular, full-time cop, stands near the door. In spite of the fact that he's armed, he looks apprehensively at the gym rats, many of whom are shuffling toward him menacingly, intently shadowboxing, winging punches into the air.

It's all part of the Kronk atmosphere. Looking even more menacing is Hearns' bodyguard, Evans, who is never far from his boss' side. Personal bodyguards are fairly common in boxing, ironic as it seems, offering protection from overzealous fans as well as troublemakers—and the sight of Evans would stop anyone who fit either description. He's an obvious pumper-of-iron whose body is highlighted by 19-inch biceps, and he

continued

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HEARNS continued

wears a mean look embellished with a two- or three-day stubble of beard. Evans is training for the next edition of ESPN's *Tough Man* competition, a little number for staying in shape while protecting the champ.

Hearns is in full blues, with his buttons and badges all aglance, and the tools of the lawman hang loosely around his waist—his radio, flashlight, handcuffs and the black leather holster with its .357 Magnum service revolver. He's very good with the gun, he says, and it was more than just the required 32 hours of police-academy training that made him that way. Probably the lightning reflexes of a boxer in top shape, he figures. "Like, you got to be able to unsnap your holster and pull this gun and be right on target," he says. "Most people got to take the time to aim, but in the police department you got to be there first." Not that the reserve officers are expected to do any shooting; indeed, the rules specify that reservists are to observe and are not to initiate any contact with the public. But that's not the point anyway; the point lies in what the gun and the badge and the uniform stand for; it's the sense of legitimacy and citizenship that's so important. The rites and ceremonies of belonging to a community are among the things Hearns dreamed about when he was a child. "Every little kid wants to grow up to be a cop at one time or another," he says. "And understand, this is unpaid volunteer work. I give 'em as much time as I can spare from training. Well, this makes me a part of the city, see?"

The important thing for certain tinderbox precincts of Detroit is that Hearns can defuse potentially riotous situations merely by stepping out of the car and showing himself. "Right now, they're all saying, 'Hey, man, it's Tommy Hearns!'" he says. "And they come around to talk and jive, and there's a whole lot of hand-slapping. But..." His voice trails off, and he smooths out an Eisenhower-style police jacket, trying to figure out how to explain and yet not sound like he's speaking against his own people. "But see, it's still cool out now, and the kids aren't as bad when the weather's cool. It'll be getting hot out there pretty soon, and then the kids come outdoors and there's nothing to do—and it can get very mean in certain parts of town. So I want to talk to as many as I can, you know, like try

to cool them down and tell them to keep trying."

Steward shakes his head in wonder at it. "Tommy could be laying up there in that fancy bedroom of his big, fancy house, with his bodyguard and all, and be perfectly safe," he says. "This way, as a volunteer cop, he could just accidentally run upside somebody on the street—some wild man—and get himself shot up. But, like I said, Tommy isn't scared of nobody, and he knows what he's got to do as a citizen."

So it seems. And it would be tempting at that to lay up there, as Steward puts it, in that big, fancy new house in suburban Detroit, with the bodyguard and the houseman. Not to mention the two Corvettes, the Caddie, the Chevy Nova street racer and the Rolls-Royce in the driveway. "Don't forget," says Hearns, "that all them other vehicles are just cars. Just cars. But the Rolls' Man, the Rolls is an auto-mo-hile."

The house was acquired just a few weeks ago: a big, low, rambling modern place on three acres of land. A swimming pool will be installed in a wing of the house—Hearns is considering a \$100,000 design that would be shaped like a boxing glove.

The house is expensive, if sparsely furnished at the moment; Hearns prefers to do these things slowly, after much thought. But there are big, poufy spreads on the beds—and a nickel-plated automatic pistol within easy reach atop Tommy's nightstand. In the game room there are a pool table, a pinball machine, an electronic space-war game and a beer cooler. Another reason the decorating goes slowly, possibly, is that there's no Mrs. Hearns. Tommy is still holding try-outs, as they say.

This is, as noted earlier, the good time in the life of the dreamer. Even if things get worse later, they'll never be able to take these times away. The Leonard fight will leave Hearns a multimillionaire—but he already has the Gucci gear bag. A prediction about the fight here might be gratuitous, but to take the Kronk gym outlook and clean it up slightly: Sugar Ray had better watch his tail. It seems entirely possible that this tall, sinewy young man will unify the title, just as it seems possible that he'll go on to dominate progressively heavier divisions.

So, let's see a smile, dreamer. Say—body shot.

END

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On The Scene

by LOWELL COHN

AT THE BALLOON RANCH SPIRITS RISE, TROUBLES VANISH AND TIME JUST FLIES

A wash of gray covered the land, and the lines of mountain and desert were still vague. Inside the lodge people were sipping coffee. It was 5:30 a.m. and The Balloon Ranch was slowly coming to life. The ranch, in Del Norte, Colo., on the western rim of the San Luis Valley, is a 5-year-old resort where city folks come to experience the wonders of hot-air ballooning in a pristine setting some 40 miles east of the Great Divide. My own introduction to the sport and the ranch came several months previously. Conditions had been fouled up for days. Even though the crews got up before daybreak to beat the thermals, rough swirling winds that interfere with balloon activity, the wind was turbulent enough to force the cancellation of many flights. Chief Pilot Frank Rider, who recently left the ranch but is due back this summer, was the only one unconcerned; he accepts getting "winded out" as part of the sport. "At first," Rider said, "I would run around yelling, 'Too much wind, there's too much wind.' But one thing ballooning has taught me is patience. If we can't go up I have as much fun just talking about it." He pointed out the window at an orange wind sock dancing lazily on a pole. "We may be grounded again. Ten miles per hour is our upper limit for safe winds. Beyond that, take-offs and landings get to be more work than fun."

But half an hour later the sock hung perfectly limp. Rider loaded the guests into a pickup and drove along an unpaved road to an open field littered with scrub and shot gun-blasted Coors beer cans. The sun was up, giving a pale-gold cast to the dusty ground. We hauled a large bag off the truck and began to unravel the brown, orange, white and red polyester balloon. It was a Barnes AX-7 named *Afternoon Delight*. (Balloonists argue the virtues of Barnes, Raven and Piccard the way sports car enthu-

siasts debate Ferrari, Porsche and Maserati.) The balloon covered more than 4,000 square feet and lay on the desert like a pop-art tarpaulin over an infield.

The crew had already lined up the large, three-cornered wicker gondola under the balloon's opening. Rider untangled the maze of steel cables and attached them to the basket, which was tipped over on its side. When he started a large motor-driven fan at the base of the balloon, the inert envelope smacked and billowed like a snail; after only five minutes it held two tons of air and looked like a giant 47-foot punching bag lying on its side. Then Rider lit a propane burner attached to the overhead basket support, aimed it directly into the mouth of the balloon and started blasting. A 15-foot flame shot out, followed by a roar that might have come from a medium-sized blast furnace. Immediately the balloon began to rise, pulling the basket upright. We jumped in and were off.

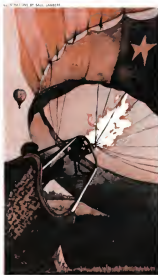
The basic principles of hot-air ballooning are surprisingly simple and haven't

changed much since the Montgolfier brothers launched their first balloon at Annonay, France in 1783, some 120 years before the Wright brothers' adventure at Kitty Hawk. In what can now be viewed as a brilliant miscalculation, the Montgolfiers figured that smoke caused balloons to rise and that the best source for smoke was damp straw, chopped wool and old shoes. They were actually demonstrating the simple fact that since hot air is less dense than cold, a volume of hot air trapped in a balloon will rise to seek an equal density. Cool the air and the balloon will come down.

Rider directed flames into the mouth of the balloon at rapid intervals, burning every minute or so to gain altitude, until we had climbed 1,000 feet. We could see the entire San Luis Valley. The 14,000-foot peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains were half hidden in haze to the east; the San Juan Mountains rose abruptly from the valley floor in the west.

Rider kept up a steady monologue about his love affair with his sport. "I enjoy turning people on to ballooning," he said. "Just seeing the delights in their faces makes it worthwhile." Beneath the chatter he was cool and professional, though he hasn't always been as prudent as he is now. In 1976 Rider decided to fly a balloon over 60 miles of ocean from Bimini to Florida because "I wanted to do something adventuresome." He waited five days until the wind was right, and then he inflated. During inflation the wind kicked up to a violent 35 mph, almost tipping him into the water. He managed to get airborne, only to discover that there was a 10-foot gash at the top of his envelope. He wanted to abort the whole plan but nobody answered his radio calls. Frantic, he attached SOS notes to his lunch pail and dropped it into the water. Naturally, no response. So Rider, accompanied by the frightening flap of the rent, flew on, burning every 10 seconds to compensate for the massive heat loss. When he came to a crashing stop against a tree in Florida, he had only 15 minutes' worth of fuel left. An experience like that makes a man cautious.

continued





ON THE SCENE *continued*

Now Rider burned some more and took us up to 1,500 feet, where we caught an easterly current and started drifting lazily toward a town called Center. The air was pure, the mountain peaks rose in the distance like sentinels—and the experience was completely baffling. We had prepared for dangerous sport; ballooning was placid. There was absolutely no sense of movement. The balloon had become part of the surrounding air mass. A balloon traveling 20 mph relative to the ground is stationary in relation to the wind, and that results in some curious violations of ground-level physical laws. For example, a balloonist can light a match in a brisk wind and it will keep burning.

Riding in the balloon was like being suspended from the sky by a huge chain while the earth revolved slowly underneath. It was as though one had drifted away from the world into a soundless (except for the burner) dreamscape. Ballooning is a meditative activity, as much a state of mind as a sport.

The other balloonists felt the same. To one from Texas, ballooning "was even better than a fantasy. There was no sense of vertical movement. It was like being in a cloud." A former network radio producer who became a professional balloonist in Oakland found it beautifully impractical. "It's a gentle, irrelevant activity," he said. "It doesn't have anything

to do with anything else. You never know where you're going; you just float around."

After an hour Rider began to burn less frequently. He took us down to 1,000 feet, caught an east-west current, and we drifted over an abandoned church and past the Del Norte town dump. As the ground came up, Rider said, "We have to avoid those power lines over there. I've heard stories of power lines shearing right through a balloon's suspension cables." We drifted a few hundred feet above the lines and made for a rocky, unstepped field as the chase truck sped toward us, trailing a film of dust in its wake. "Be ready to flex your knees when we land and, no matter what happens, do not leave the basket," Rider said. "Without your weight, I'll bounce 200 feet back into the air." This was the only time his tone was severe. We wouldn't have left the basket if it had caught fire.

We hit with a bump and lurched forward at a 45-degree angle. Two crew members grabbed the basket, and Rider pulled on a rope to open the flap at the top of the balloon. The hot air started to escape and we came upright. One of the crewmen grabbed a pull rope, which hung from the top of the balloon, and held tight to the line while *Afternoon Delight* struggled like an enraged sea beast. Rider continued to yank the deflation panel; the balloon's sides began to collapse. Suddenly *Afternoon Delight* quivered like a jellyfish, gave up the fight and settled to earth.

The Balloon Ranch is the creation of Link Baum, 32, an intense young man with fragile good looks and a faraway manner. He is already a living legend among balloonists. In 1970 Baum became the youngest man ever to cross the English Channel in a hot-air balloon, an achievement he dismisses casually. "As far as I'm concerned, the Channel was just another balloon ride. It's much more impressive that I got into ballooning so early. When I crossed the Channel there were only 60 balloons in the whole U.S. Now there are around 3,000."

After the Channel crossing, Baum moved to Denver with the vague idea of starting a ballooning resort. He saw the San Luis Valley in 1974 and was impressed. "It was big and wide and protected," he explains. "As soon as I saw the valley I knew it was the promised

land." A year later Baum started an inspection tour at the top of the valley and worked his way down. On the third day he came upon the site he was to pick, an overgrown 144-acre sheep ranch with an old two-story barn stuck in the middle. He put down enough money for the barn and 22 acres, then called David Levin, a childhood friend, and asked him to buy the other 122. Levin came out from Boston, where he was attending law school. The two friends started at one end of the property, paced the entire perimeter and, by the time they were finished, Levin was sold. He put up the money and went back to law school, intending to be a silent partner in the ranch. But he quickly learned that his future was in balloons, not court. "You tell people you're a lawyer—so what. But you tell them you run a balloon ranch, that's something special," he says.

Levin took over full ownership of the property in 1978, and while Baum still spends time at the ranch, he has no active part in its operation.

The Balloon Ranch accommodates 32 guests in a 14-room chalet and a few cabins that sit in the shadow of the San Juan Mountains. The amenities include a tennis court, a Jacuzzi, a redwood hot tub and a pool around which one can sit sipping margaritas. But since ballooning usually ends by 8:30 in the morning (except in winter, when winds die down at dusk), the ranch provides other diversions—technical rock climbing, Jeep tours, horseback riding, rafting down the Rio Grande—all of which are more strenuous activities than ballooning.

Originally, Baum intended the ranch to be a resort where experienced flyers could totally immerse themselves in ballooning. But hard-core balloonists are often attached to their own clubs and balloon ports. The Balloon Ranch caters almost exclusively to tenderfeet. So far only 25 people have completed the certification for a private license (10 to 15 hours of lessons, plus ground training at a cost of \$1,500). Radcr estimates that only one guest in 20 takes an introductory lesson (\$125). People are content to have the ranch pilots square them around the sky for \$85 a ride, which is dirt cheap as ballooning goes.

My introductory lesson was scheduled for a Saturday morning. I attached the burner and fuel lines as Rider had instructed and stood off to the side while he routinely set up the cables and began

continued

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ON THE SCENE *continued*

inflating the balloon. *Afternoon Delight* was reacting to a northwest wind. David Levin was piloting *Baby*, an impressive 105,000-cubic-foot balloon (about 30,000 cubic feet larger than *Delight*), some 40 feet to our right—too close I later learned—and about half inflated. She looked like a seven-story multicolored wave about to break. Then the wind shifted suddenly. It swung *Baby* to the left, where she wallowed on top of *Afternoon Delight*. Rider ordered, "Get in the basket." I jumped in as he told the crew to pick up the basket and walk it forward. Four men pulled us free of *Baby* and started trotting with the wind to negate its velocity. "I don't like this at all," Rider muttered. He was half standing, half squatting on the rim of the basket, fighting with dozens of steel coils that seemed to be attacking him.

Afternoon Delight was not fully inflated when *Baby* hit, and now, like a Venus's-flytrap, she threatened to close completely. Our balloon also was missing its "Nomex" skirt, a bottom layer of highly fire-resistant fabric, and to shoot the flame would be hazardous. Rider was aiming at an opening only 60% as large as it should have been, and taking a big risk that sections of the fabric would melt. He fought the wires, shooting the burner when safe. He finally got the bag inflated and *Afternoon Delight* righted herself. Everything would have been fine if the wind hadn't kicked up just at that moment and started bouncing *Afternoon Delight* around like a beach ball. "Get the other passengers," he yelled. "I can't wait any longer." Two men ran up carrying a young woman from Philadelphia and threw her into the basket like a duffel bag. There was a look of pure fear in her eyes as she sailed over the edge. The basket started to skid along the ground, bumping every few feet like a young bird learning flight. As it rose, Charlie Schulze, a fellow passenger, grabbed the basket and, in full stride, vaulted himself neatly over the side. Suddenly we were airborne; all movement stopped and the ground dropped away.

After a few moments Rider let me take over. I grabbed the overhead propane burner and squeezed the trigger steadily until we got to 1,000 feet. Then I leveled off. Down below, *Baby* straightened and began to move up like a tear-shaped air bubble. Rider turned to me and asked, "Are we rising, falling or staying level?" I looked west at our shadow. It was ris-

continued

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ON THE SCENE continued

ing briskly. "Rising," I said. "Never judge by your shadow," he warned. "Look at the mountaintops." I looked in time to see us slowly sinking into the valley, so I blasted the burner until we started moving up again. For the next half hour we went gently popo-sucking through the sky while I consistently burned too late and then frantically overcompensated so that we shot past our mark.

Flying a balloon, I was learning, is not a precise science, though some pilots would differ. Since there is about a 15-second delay between the time you start a burn and when the balloon finally responds, one needs a feeling and intuition for up-and-down movement. And because a balloonist has almost no horizontal control, going in a chosen direction takes savvy and more than a little luck. The best a pilot can do is search for the right wind current and hope it takes him where he wants to go. Since wind is very fickle, balloonists do a lot of searching.

Afternoon Delight rose to 2,000 feet and caught a westerly, which began to push us back toward the ranch. I burned less often and we started descending. With the burner off, all we heard was the occasional creak of the basket's wicker. Until we heard the mooing. We had cleared some power lines and were within 100 feet of the ground when we saw a herd of cows to our left. Balloons spook cattle. We burned back up to 1,000, just in time to see Baby sail toward the cows. As her shadow passed over the field they faced ground and froze. Suddenly we were looking at a still frame from a Western movie. We knew what would happen next. At the instant Baby came directly over them, the cows stamped in that familiar chaos of dust and fear and animal mounds.

As Baby rose to avoid the cows, she came beneath us, and we lost sight of her. There was a tense moment when we thought we might collide. Then Baby casually drifted off like an airborne mushroom. I shortened my burns from the usual 15 seconds to five, and we began dropping toward a stubble-filled field. At 100 feet, Frank told us to face forward, flex our knees and put on helmets, the landing would be rough. We hit at a slight angle and bounced along—like a routine grounder to the shortstop—for about 40 feet. Then we came to a perfect vertical stop, and before long Afternoon Delight had folded into the earth.

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.



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CUTTY SARK

Reminiscence

By KENNY MOORE

IN THE PUT UP OR SHUT UP MILE, THE BEST LEGS WERE THOSE ON THE TROPHY

Once when I was working in an office in Washington, D.C., our tall, blonde attorney asked me up to her apartment at noon. She looked like Catherine Deneuve, except her eyes were sea green instead of gray. "I'll give you a cello lesson," she said.

As we walked through the lobby of her building, she took my arm. I felt breathless in the elevator. Her apartment was a sanctuary of Persian rugs and palms. The air was rich with Shalimar.

The cello lesson turned out to be a cello lesson. I found that disconcerting on a number of levels, the least of which was that I'd never before touched a cello.

This memoir is like that. No matter how much it may titillate the reader with references to an illicit sporting event that entangled a movie star, dragged the name of an Olympic champion and his family through the mud and saw a gorgeous sex tester run rampant, it doesn't really deliver solid scandal. It isn't supposed to. This story is more a try at evoking the wistful expression I now get when I hear the phrase "cello lesson," a tale to be told not for its substance or its gossip, but for its unexpectedness.

For one thing, it happened in Eugene, Ore., a pleasant university town of 100,000. Eugene has sometimes afflicted visitors from harder-driving regions with its simplicity. A New Yorker observing citizens sorting out a traffic jam without the aid of the police once said, not entirely in approval, "It's a toy city." Another found the natives' sweet temper unsettling. "It's as if the waters in my hotel suffer from a dreamy sort of retardation," he growled. "They serve me oversalted wild rice, and when I complain, they serenely and without consultation replace it with cottage cheese—like that's an even exchange."

"Maybe they shouldn't be called Eugeniens," said the first New Yorker, "but Eugeniens."

"I would hardly consider them an improvement on the breed," said the second.

Eugene happens, however, to contain its share of firmhands, sporting-goods salesmen and orthopedic surgeons who are ruled by antic imagination. As proof, I offer our subject, The Put Up Or Shut Up Mile Run, conceived two winters ago in the brackish mark of Chuck Jaqua's hot tub and strenuously overorganized at the Olde Towne Pizza Parlor.

A lot of Eugeniens run, and most of those runners talk big. The idea of the mile was to shame the dozen loudest of roughly 4:40 to 5:00 ability—the Alberto Salazar and Mary Deckers of Eugene being very soft talkers, as well as being intent on the upcoming Olympic Trials—into each ponying up a \$25 entry fee for a race the evening of June 26, 1980 on the track of Lane Community College. The winner would receive 50% of the total purse, with decreasing money through fifth place.

A race committee headed by attorney Kip Leonard did the preliminary shaming with its invitations, which merely described the potential contestants. Of Bruce Ranning, 34, the entry form said, "His special petition for a weight class was denied on the grounds that his weight has no class." Leonard's law partner, Bill (Sheephead) Martin, "whose personal record of 48.5 is for the 100-meter freestyle," was said to be praying for rain. And for Leon (Nearly Normal) Henderson, a ranch foreman who had finished second in the 312-mile Great Hawaiian Footrace in 1979, "an especially attractive young heifer had been installed as pace calf at the LCC track."

After lubricious reference to the awards banquet and attendant debauchery that would be denied to non-entrants, the form concluded with a request that the runner submit his money and T shirt size if he were ready to do the manly thing, his panty size if he were not.

There followed a torrent of acceptances, most of them profane. "I'm ashamed that I'm succumbing to this social pressure," wrote Jimmy Jake Jaqua, 35, lawyer, central Oregon builder and drama student. "If the value of seeing the perpetrators of this ripoff fall down and puke is one cent less than \$25, you'll

be using your winnings to pay legal fees."

Barry O'Donnell, a wrestler and fitness consultant, said, "Due to an iliopsoas strain, it might be necessary to amputate upon the rotator cuff and groups of the anterior and posterior arm. In other words, if I can't run on my legs, I'll run on my hands like any other good gorilla."

And Clark Meinert, a sporting-goods executive from West Linn, a town to the north, asserted that "only blockage of Interstate 5 by a lava field would deter me from sharpening my spikes." Later, when Mount St. Helens let go, Henderson said, "I wonder how Clark did that? Of course, the lava completely missed Interstate 5."

"Merely a warning," returned Meinert. "A smoke signal compared to

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY MERRIN



the hell I'm going to raise in June."

In fact, Meinert took the race so seriously he hired a coach, former Pac-8 steeplechase champion Bob Williams. In response, Larry Simpson, Meinert's business partner, signed an Olympic steeplechaser (1972), Mike Manley, as an adviser. Soon the town was webbed with secret interlocking alliances. Leonard and Jimmy Jaqua, unbeknownst to each other, approached the same Olympic marathoner, an austere and almost contemptuous recluse, who gave them training programs of heedless severity. Within a month, both were injured. Jim's brother, Chuck, also a builder, trained so hard he broke his foot.

The prime beneficiary of this carnage was another competitor, Dr. Stan James, portrayed on the entry sheet as "a multi-season athlete rumored to practice med-

continued

icine in his spare time," James is one of the nation's finest orthopedic surgeons, but the description was perfectly apt. A cyclist, cross-country skier, runner and kayaker, James is capable of such purity of concentration while, say, paddling that he has been known to churn blindly on for a mile past the finish line. His constant advice to injured runners is to back off, relax and rest because injuries are almost always the result of overuse. James knows because he's injured half the time himself. Consequently, he would run under the colors of the Do As I Say Not As I Do Track Club, but first, because at 48 he was the oldest entrant, he petitioned for a slight handicap—"two minutes will do"—on the basis of expert testimony of other doctors ranging from Louis Pasteur ("This nut wanted to boil me in milk") to Madame Curie ("a strange glow about her") to George Sheehan ("Told me I had runner's knee. Morton's toe and hadn't read enough Thoreau"). His request was lovingly denied, the race committee saying, "He wasn't invited as a contender. It was thought that he could scrape together 25 bucks to help fill the pot. And he did. Next case."

Most entrants were in their 30s. "Old enough to know," said one, "that the leisurely pleasure of anticipation usually outweighs the brief rush of an event itself." The anticipation took the form of hyping the social implications of the race. Leonard, whose office had been involved in arrangements for a movie to be shot in Eugene at the time of the race, sent a description of The P.E. Or S.U. Mile to the film's star, 18-year-old Mariel Hemingway, who said she would be pleased to award the prizes. "But she wants to know if it's safe for such old guys to get all excited when she kisses 'em so soon after a tiring run," said her messenger.

"We're fatalists," said Leonard. "We figure if she's killed, she's killed."

Emboldened by success with a movie star, the committee pressed on. Feeling a need for a distinguished signature to lend weight to the award certificates, it prevailed on friends of then mile world-record holder Sebastian Coe to forward the papers to him in England. The documents returned, inscribed not only by Sebastian but also by his parents, brother Nick and sister Emma as well as Harry Potts—Milkman to the Coe Family. With them came a letter from Peter Coe, Sebastian's father and coach. "Just what is all this bull about putting up or shutting

up?" he wrote. "For the record, I have put up with the inquiries of Watergate, and the peanut farmer's Olympic tantrums, with Margaret Thatcher and the worst fiscal system ever invented upon a nation, 40 years in manufacturing, the British Amateur Athletic Association; countless race promoters; a wife, four children and three world records; and after that lot I'm damned if I'm going to shut up. Now, just how much time with Mariel Hemingway does my \$25 buy me? P.S. Leave my son and athlete out of this—he's got enough going for him as it is, the lucky swine."

Most contestants felt there was a stroke of luck in the choice of sex tester, Leonard's wife, Jody Miller. A beautiful woman, she possesses a lovely smile that one would swear was innocent. One would be seriously mistaken.

"I'm being purposely vague about exactly what the test will be," she said a week before the run. "We will have to draw straws to see who goes first, because the timing of it could affect the outcome of the race. I mean the first ones will get more time to rest."

"What kind of test is it?" asked a naive visitor. "Hormones? Chromosomes?"

"It's a little more demanding than that," said Miller. "These are supposed to be men, you know. And I can't certify them to run without some evidence. I mean track meets have gone on for years and years just assuming that whoever says he's a man is a man. I suppose you can understand that. The poor dears, probably lots of them worried about it themselves. But when you start running for the money, you just have to have some standards, and believe me, I do."

Ultimately the day came. The LCC track rests within a bowl of mounded, grassy earth, which opens out on the north to a view of evergreen ridges. The place seemed on that summer evening to carry an air of open spaces not yet developed, a 19th century sort of promise. And of pomp. On the infield the 50 or so invited spectators sipped champagne from glasses arrayed on a steeplechase harrier and made lewd sport of the fretting, warming competitors.

The rivalry was soon cut off by the bullhorn-amplified voice of the master of ceremonies, Robert Newland, a lumber broker who was a wide receiver for the New Orleans Saints for five years. The experience left him with seared knees

and a rueful sense of humor. Resplendent in velvet, he introduced the field.

In Lane 1 was O'Donnell, representing the Lower Primate T.C. Then, from Rosie Ruiz's Road Runners, came attorney Rick Rosen, who had assisted in the legal effort that won former pro shotputter Brian Oldfield the right to take part in the Olympic Trials.

"In Lane 3 is Jim Bryant from the Big Dog T.C.," said Newland. "Jim has expressed a desire that the race be run in heat. Excuse me, in heats."

Chuck (Life Is a Holiday) Jaqua lumped sourly into Lane 4. Meinert, looking fit, was in Lane 5, running for the Mental Block A.A. Next to him was his partner, Simpson, "who," said Newland, "is dedicating his efforts to the memory of Term Rackley." The stuff that dreams are made of. "This brought a curious expression to the brow of Simpson's wife, whose name is and always has been Sally."

Leonard was in Lane 7, with his old Marine singlet on and lethal two-inch spikes at the ready. "In Lane 8 is a competitor notorious for his lack of notoriety, from The Planned Parenthood T.C., Uncle Denny Elliot." In Lane 9 was Jimmy Jake Jaqua, and in Lane 10 was Martin, "a man who hasn't got a P.R. and doesn't know what it stands for." James was next, "the real winner already with more than \$500 from treating the rest of you self-destructive bums." And in Lane 12 was San Francisco's Sandy Skete, who said, "With a hustle like this, you guys should be in the record business." Skete is in the record business.

Newland gave careful instructions, even mentioning that it was hoped the race would proceed in a counterclockwise direction. Then the men went to the line. Henderson, not running because of illness, readied his video camera.

The gun refused to fire.

"Good, now we can all go home," shouted Jimmy Jaqua. "I knew there was going to be some kind of trick ending."

They were organized afresh and sent off with a whistle. O'Donnell was away fastest, the gun finally sounding as he led Simpson and Meinert down the backstretch. The three completed the first lap in 71.5, with the pack already stretching far behind. Simpson led at the 880 in 2:26, and Sally encouraged him by running along the outside of the track shouting, "Who the hell is Term Rackley?"

Simpson and Meinert were pulling away from O'Donnell at the three-quarter

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REMINISCENCE continued

ter in 3:39. A stretch duel appeared likely.

A man named Tom Sturak, a fine California masters runner, out for a jaunt, had stumbled on the scene. "This event has more life than the Olympic Trials," he said with wonder. "What is it?"

"Just Eugene's version of the old pyramid scam," said Jimmy Jaqua.

Simpson spouted hard with 300 yards to go, but couldn't shake Meinert, who drew even as the homestretch opened before them. He drove on by and, as he neared the tape, emitted a horrific scream of victory.

"Simpson shot him," said Henderson.

Meinert had run the last lap in 57.6 to win in 4:36.6. Simpson ran 4:41, O'Donnell 4:52.4, and Chuck Jaqua, short of training after his stress fracture, still made it to fourth in 5:01. Roseta was fifth in 5:05. Charity demands that the list of times stop there, though it was clear that all had run hard, if not rapidly. Chuck Jaqua was down on his knees, sick, when Henderson waved his camera and announced, "Oh, too bad. I didn't get it. They'll have to do it again."

Miller watched with a misty, forlorn expression as Leonard and Skete came in at the tail of the field. "But they did so well on the tests," she said.

"I might retire now," said Meinert, flushed with victory. "The purse [which for the winner was \$187,500] I'll spend it all on beer and clothes."

Roseta, startled at winning \$18,75, albeit on a \$25 investment, said, "Amateur no more. I'm going to have to start preparing an injunction for myself."

For the awards ceremony, held in the courtyard of a vacant fraternity house, Chuck Jaqua had built a victory platform five times the size of the one being used at the Olympic Trials 2,500 miles away. "You expected perhaps a refined sense of proportion?" he asked.

Marie Hemingway showed up right on time, though with a dubious mien. "Do I really have to kiss all 12 of 'em?" she asked Leonard.

"Yep."

"O.K.," she said, a grin breaking across her face. "They better be ready."

Some were. The presentations began with 12th place, Sandy Skete, who numbly accepted his certificate and T-shirt and forgot to collect his kiss. "A telling comment on the manliness of the record business," said O'Donnell.

"Now, now," said the sex tester. "We know that's not true."

continued

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

Uniroyal Steeler projected to last up to 24,000 miles longer than its major competition.

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently gave the public a standard yardstick to compare tires by.

Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

And then to emboss the resulting grades on the side of the tires.

When compared, most of the similarly priced steel-belted radials in the chart fared equally well in the traction test. Same for temperature resistance.

But one tire pulls ahead of the pack when it comes to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire.

That tire: the Uniroyal Steeler.

In fact, when you translate its 220 rating into projected miles on the government-specified course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for the Uniroyal Steeler is 66,000 miles.

That's 15,000 miles longer than the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone ratings in the chart would project.

And 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating would project.

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections of the country, road conditions and climate.

Nevertheless, what do these ratings say about the Steeler?

They say when you compare the ratings, the Steeler should outlast its major competition under comparable conditions of consumer use.

U.S. and Canada. See your Uniroyal dealer.

MANUFACTURERS' RATINGS FOR U.S. GOVERNMENT QUALITY GRADING SYSTEM			PROJECTION OF MILEAGE ON GOVERNMENT-SPECIFIED TEST COURSE
Manufacturer/Tire:	Traction and Temperature Resistance	Treadwear	
UNIROYAL Steeler	B/C	220	66,000
GOODYEAR Custom Polysteel	B/C	170	51,000
FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
R.E. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

*Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 60,000 miles.

Source: U.S. D.O.T. 12/19/80.

For a free booklet on grade labeling, please send your name and address to: Uniroyal, Inc., Tire Advertising Department, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749.

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Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

REMINISCENCE *continued*

Leonard, next up, more than compensated, embracing Marni three times for three different photographers. On his wall there now hangs a picture of the moment, signed, "To Kip, with Love—Marni."

That pretty much set the tone of the proceedings, although they didn't decline into the indiscriminate. Dr. James had been called away to the hospital, so Henderson designated himself proxy prize-receiver. He was met with a fiery stare and an outflung arm. "Oh, no," said Hemingway. "I know the rules. You don't run, you don't get kissed."

"Next year we get Brooke Shields," said Henderson.

The Coe family somehow entered into the spirit of things from 6,000 miles away, Peter Coe having written bits of advice on the certificates. "If you want 'em fast, breed 'em yourself," was one that briefly sobered the house. Briefly.

A long table was spread with roasts and turkeys and salmon and midsummer produce. As the men continued their sexual mauling of Marni, the women drifted over to the strawberries and cream. "She seems to be holding up altogether too well," said one.

"Listen," said Martin, snapping out of the trance Hemingway's kiss had induced in him, "my greatest joy right now is that I won't have to hear about this damned thing anymore, ever."

"The replay is ready!" shouted Henderson, rolling in a TV set, and everybody lived through the race one more time. A few grew mistily philosophic. "It's so jubilant," said one. "Such a counterpoint to the sadness of an Olympic Trials for no Olympics."

"Anticipation is one thing," said Jimmy Jagua, "and the event is another. But analysis afterward is still another, and the worst." And that put a stop to that.

"Toward the end," said Leonard toward the end, quoting something he'd read on a bulletin board once, "they had only a dumb wonder at having debased themselves so wretchedly."

All but O'Donnell, who wandered through the crowd demanding to be told the times were wrong, that there couldn't possibly be 16 seconds between Meenen's first and his third. At last he gave up, coming to rest in a corner with a leg of lamb. "Oh, well," he said with the pinpoint accuracy of the inebriate, "we did it all for the money, anyway."

END

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OLYMPUS

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

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"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 6-12

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—With 106 straight victories, over 50 minutes, by scores of 121-109 (106-107 and 109-103). Boston swept its best-of-seven NBA quarterfinal series. Philadelphia and Milwaukee played game and made the Series winning 125-122 behind 38 points by Julius Erving, the Bucks' leading 198-99. Philly's success was due to its defense on the court and on the bench. After a 107-98 Houston victory, the San Antonio Spurs got 34 points from Keith Obender for a 125-113 win. In the next game Houston received 44 points and 15 rebounds from Moses Malone for a 112-99 victory, and then lost 114-113 to even the series 2-2. The Houston Rockets won three of four in the play-offs. (Houston.com)

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY beat Gil Sisker 230-224 to win the \$100,000 Long Island Open in Garden City, N.Y. for the third year in a row.

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES successfully defended his WBC heavyweight title with a unanimous decision over Tyson Beckett at the MGM.

SLAM D GRADY won the WBA lightweight championship by a unanimous decision over Héctor Kerty in Atlantic City, N.J.

SAMMY SERRANO regained the WBA junior light-weight title that he had lost in August with a unanimous 12-round decision over Yacovane Uthman in Waikiki, Hawaii.

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot an eight-under-par 280 to win the 45th Masters by two strokes over Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller (page 34)

DOONNA CAPONI won a \$125,000 LPGA tournament in Raleigh, N.C., with an eight-under-par 208, one stroke better than Cathy Nester.

GYMNASTICS—Utah won the AIAW championship in Salt Lake City, defeating UCLA 145.65-144.1. SHARON SHAPIRO and DIANE DOVAS of UCLA won the individual titles in the vault and uneven bars, respectively, while HEIDI ANDERSON of Penn State played first in the floor exercise and LAURIE CARTER of Oregon State won No. 1 in the balance beam.

HOCKEY—While Edmonton was shocking Montreal in their best-of-five playoff series (page 40), Minnesota and Calgary were pulling upsets of their own. In 14 seasons at the NHL, the North Stars had never won a game in

Boston Garden. Last week they did it once, beating the Bruins 5-0 on an overtime goal by Steve Payton and 3-6 with Payton and Al MacAdam scoring twice each. The Flyers clinched the series in Bostonning with a 4-1 victory last night. The Bruins had a lead in the first period, the Flyers extinguished it. Chicago 5-0 on the Rangers' 40-second stop in the second OT. The Wings were the first to score in the third OT, but the Bruins beat them out there three 5-4. That game was swayed by a brawl that helped set a variety of plays off for penalties, including one for the last 60 minutes by the Bruins. The Bruins won the series 4-1, having completed 10-1 and 6-1 on alternate nights. More predictably, the Islanders won Toronto 9-2, 3-1 and 6-0 with Mike Rowe and Brian Trottier each getting 10 goals. The Islanders won the series 3-0, going 10-1 for the second year in a row, by scores of 3-2 in overtime, 2-2 and 5-3. St. Louis split its four encounters with the Flyers, 4-1, 1-2, 2-1 and 1-2. The Blues won the series 3-1, with the Flyers leading at the game with a 3-4 win in which Bernie Federko got the game winner with 4:06 to play, but the Flyers then came back with a 6-1 victory in the second OT. The Canadiens won the series 3-0, 3-5, over Quebec before losing two 3-0 and 4-3 in overtime.

HORSE RACING—SPLENDID SPRUCE (\$320) ridden by Darrel McHargue, beat Johnnie a Harold by 1 1/4 lengths to win the \$70,600 Santa Anita Derby. The yearling was timed in 1:49 for the 1 1/4 miles.

SOLD EGO (\$340), John Lively ap, defeated Top Avenger by 1½ lengths to win the \$218,000 Affianon Derby at Oaklawn Park. The 3-year-old covered the 1¼-mile in 1:50½.

SOLD 'N DETERMINED (\$2,400, Eddie Delahoussaye up, beat La Bontas by a nose to win the \$219,700 Apple Blossom Handicap at Oaklawn Park. The 4-year-old filly ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:44.6.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRELL WALTRIP, averaging 126.703 mph in a Buick, won the Rebel 500 Grand National race on the 1.56-mile oval of the Darlington (S.C.) International Raceway. He finished half a second ahead of Harry Gant, who drove a Pontiac.

FOOTBALL—Fort Lauderdale got goals from Gord Marlier and Teofilo Cubillas to defeat Edmonton 2-0 and bring its record to 3-0, the best in the NASL. The Cosmos beat Minnesota 3-1 on three goals by Giorgio Chinaglia.

SQUASH RACQUETS—**MATTI KHAN**, beat Aziz Khan 15-9, 15-8, 15-9 in Toronto to win the North American Open for the sixth straight time.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS beat John McEnroe 6-4 7-6 in a \$250,000 tournament in Tokyo.

GUILERMO VILAS defeated Sammy Giamalva 6-2, 6-4 to win the \$175,000 Houston National Championships.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Pam Shriver 6-1, 6-2 to win a \$150,000 tournament in Hilton Head Island, S.C.

TRACK & FIELD—WILLIE BANKS triple-jumped 50' 9½" on San Jose, Calif. to surpass by 1½ inches his outdoor world-old American outdoor record.

REPORTS—ACQUITTED By a circuit court jury in Eugene, Ore., **RON BILLINGSLEY**, 30, a former assistant basketball coach at the University of Oregon, is a charge of first-degree theft involving \$1,680 in athletic-related funds belonging to the university.

NAMED As basketball coach at Providence College **JOE MULLANEY**, 55, who had a 29-49 record in three years at Beaver, replacing Gary Walters, who resigned.

DIED JACQUES, 66, who held the world heavy weight boxing title longer, dies 1937 to 1949 and defended it more times, 25, than any other champion, in cardiac arrest, in Las Vegas. Loan, whose real name was Joseph Louis Barrow, was born the seventh child of a sharecropper in Laffayette, Ala. in 1914 and moved to Detroit when he was 12. He fought his first amateur fight in 1934 and turned pro in 1935. He won the world title on June 22, 1937 by knocking out Jim Braddock in the eighth round. Loan retired as champion on March 1, 1949 and later attempted a comeback. He lost a title fight by a decision to Ezzard Charles in New York on Sept. 27, 1950. He then worked as a boxer's referee, a professional wrestler and a promoter at El Comodoro.

CREDITS

4—Mark Pellissier 34-36—Paul Kennedy 35—George Tiedemann 36—Paul Kennedy 36d—George Tiedemann 36—George Tiedemann 36—Tom Williams 36—Manny Milten 37—Steve Goldstein 37—Ray Fisk 37—Carl Siskel 38—Manny Milten 38—Tanner Henry 38—Walter Boas 39—Manny Milten 39—Steve Goldstein 39—Hans Klummaier 39d—Manny Rubio 39,57—Paul J. Sutton 39,63—Clarence Mackison 39,65—Manny Milten 39,67—Carl Siskel 39—Carl Siskel 40d—John Siskel 100-106—Carl Siskel 120—Manny J. Klemm 111.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM VANIGESTINE
Barnum, Maine

Vandewater, a sophomore outfielder for the University of Maine, hit five consecutive doubles in a 15-9 loss to Miami to set an NCAA Division I record. The previous mark of four doubles in a game was shared by three players.



FELICIA HILL
Teacher

Felicia, 14, a 5' 5" forward for Old West End Junior High, got 24.2 points and 14.6 rebounds a game to pace the Golden Bears to both an undefeated season (17-0) and a City League championship for the second year in a row.



DOUGLAS NAIMO
FREDLAND CO.

Doug, 17, a center on the Jesuit High ice hockey team, scored five goals in a 10-2 victory over Sunnyside High, three of them in a span of 28 seconds in the second period. He had 27 goals for the season to help lead the Crusaders to a 20-5-1 record.

JOEL SPRATZ
SENIOR EDITOR

Bratz, 24, and Horis, 26, won the men's and women's divisions at the three-day Yukon Jack Wren Snowshoe Championship race in Wisconsin. An 11th anniversary, Bratz defeated two-time winner Betsy Klecker by 12% minutes, completing the 83-mile course between Superior and Lake La Poudre in 11:19:12. Horis, a junior predoctoral student at the University of Minnesota and Klecker's fiancé, finished in 14:50:40 to break by 2:36:16 the women's mark set last year by Joanne Blystone.



JANE HORN
Linda, Miss

0, won the men's and women's three-day Yukon Jack Workup race in Wisconsin. An undrafted two-time winner, he finished the 83-lap Superior and Rice Lake races as a professional student at the school and a Kieckhefer fan, finishing with a 2:36.16 the women's 100-mile Houder.



ROBERT NIEMAN
SUN AMERICA

Nieman, 33, an architect, won the men's individual title at the U.S. Invitational Modern Pentathlon meet. He placed first in the 300-meter swim and in pistol shooting, fourth in fencing, 21st in the equestrian event and 32nd in the 4-km run.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE COLLEGE GAME

Sir

It was a delight to see you devote three straight cover stories to college basketball (March 23 et seq.). I'm glad the sport is getting the publicity it so much deserves. The excitement it aroused during the regular season and throughout the NCAA tournament was remarkable, as was SI's coverage.

College basketball has to be considered America's third-most-popular sport, after baseball and pro football. It's a shame that after their college years the lush Thomases and Albert Kings have to enter into the boredom of the NBA.

DONALD FUNK
Bel Air, Md.

Sir

Your April 6 cover of lush Thomas, the "little child" who led the Hoosiers, and the adoring fans with the huge red hand indi-

cating No. 1 was fabulous and captivating. Even though I was a North Carolina fan that night, this cover made up for the loss.

JORDY CHAMBERLAIN
Cuyee, S.C.

Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick wrote his most complimentary article ever about Indiana University basketball (And a Little Child Led Them). And your cover photo was wonderful. Lush Thomas, along with the crowd, showed the world what Hoosier Hysteria is all about.

MARGARET BINKLEY
Indianapolis

Sir

College basketball three weeks in a row? Certainly another sport was worthy of your cover for at least one of those weeks. I, for one, am saturated with basketball.

MIKE SELL
Syringville, Ohio

THE LADY TECHSTERS

Sir

My thanks to Kathy Blumenstock for her piece on the undefeated Louisiana Tech women's basketball team (It Was a Tech-book Year, April 6). Coach Sonja Hogg and her staff deserve a great deal of credit for winning an AIAW championship after only seven years of competition.

However, while Blumenstock rightly lauded the play of Tech's front line, I don't think enough was said about Point Guard Kim Mulkey. Those who viewed this game on TV watched a superior playmaker at work.

BETSY BILLARD
Newton, Mass.

THE OTHER SIDE OF OR J

Sir

John Papanek's article on Julius Erving ("I've Always Felt Powerless," April 6) was a masterful piece of journalism. Papanek and

EVERY MORNING, MILLIONS OF BEARDS DEPART ON TRAC II.®



Erving remind us of the true meaning of athletics and the pride that a professional athlete takes in his job, both on and off the court.

LARRY JENKINS
Leedsdale, Pa.

Sir:

As an ardent follower of basketball and as a former Philadelphian, I can testify that Julius Erving has enriched not only the quality of basketball, but also the quality of life for those people who have ever had the opportunity to come into contact with him. John Papanek's article gave us all a little more insight into a great man who will continue to do great things long after his basketball days have ended.

ROBERT N. GILBOUR
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

IOWA'S BOLIN
Sir:

Many thanks to Roy S. Johnson for his tribute to Molly Bolin, a native Iowan who made it to the big leagues (*The Lady Is a Hot Shot*, April 6). She justly deserves the recognition she's finally receiving at the national level.

It's unfortunate that the Cornets, who split their home schedule between Cedar Rapids and Des Moines, were among the several orig-

inal WBL clubs that folded. The Iowa team not only led the WBL in attendance for two years, but also made the finals in consecutive seasons—a credit to the players and coaches as well as to the many dedicated fans.

While Molly may feel that a lot of famous Iowans didn't get to be famous by staying in Iowa, there can be no question that her enthusiasm for the game that led to her eventual success—and the achievements of many other professional athletes—can be traced directly to the outstanding high school and collegiate sports programs throughout the Hawkeye State.

TOWNSEND HOOPES III
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir:

It's too bad that all basketball players don't have the smile of Isiah Thomas, the class of Dr. J and the body of Molly Bolin.

DAN BLAIS
Indianapolis

WEISKOPF'S TRIALS
Sir:

Once again Don Jenkins is right on the mark (*Trying Time for Big T*, April 6). I have long admired Tom Weiskopf not only as a golfer, but also as a man. Weiskopf's image

as a non-phony is no less a part of his make-up than is his picture-perfect swing. A great many of us give a damn that he could not spend Masters Week as a player in Augusta.

JOEL GOLDMAN
Rolling Meadows, Ill.

Sir:

Weiskopf's outspokenness and his antics have helped bring the tour down to earth by adding some fun and variety to it. I hope to see another fine article on Tom after he wins one of this year's majors.

SHAWN VON NALDA
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Surely Tom Weiskopf is a perfect example of a person who has sunk to his own level. His admiration for that boorish life Nastase says it all.

SCOTT GORDON
Charleston, W. Va.

CRICKETERS
Sir:

Although it has been almost 40 years since I bowled a maiden over or poked one through the slips, I was delighted to read your article on cricket (*This Isn't Cricket... But It Is*, April 6). However, the nearest analogy in

continued

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GREGORY FALLS

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Artistic Director

Age: 57

Married: Four children

Interests: Drama, writing, travel
and volunteering for United Way

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"Volunteering for United Way is more than what I ask of myself, it's what I owe myself . . . and my community."



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19TH HOLE continued

baseball terms to wicketkeeper would be catcher, not shortstop. Because there are no foul lines, it is hard to determine the cricket equivalent of shortstop, but silly and on might be the closest.

FRED MAULNER
Encino, Calif.

Sir,

I spent three years in England in the Air Force and it was nice to get a story about a really famous sport that is not well understood in America. Again, SI shows it covers all sports. But it was deceiving to see Englishman Roland Butcher with a baseball glove on his hand. It might make us Americans believe that a glove is generally worn to catch the ball, which, of course, it isn't. Only the back hand. Having caught a cricket ball, I can attest it hurts. Only wicketkeepers wear gloves—and on both hands.

LEE LOGAN
Dover, Del.

• Butcher uses his only in practice. —ED

WARM-WEATHER FRIENDS

Sir:

Tex Schramm's idea to move the NFC and AFC championship games to non-NFL, warm-weather sites (SCORECARD, March 30) is sound. As with the Super Bowl winner, the conference winners should be determined under conditions that permit the teams to fully display their skills rather than under weather conditions that might not allow a proper contest.

As for the fans, only a minority of them live within practical traveling distance of an NFL field. The great majority provide major support to all NFL teams via TV, and their interests should be considered. No TV market, no TV money. I can hear the charge of "sundae sports," but because I write this from the distant boondocks, I shall be unmoved.

C. P. COUGLINS
Emporia, Kans.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SHOOTING

Sir:

Peter Memke's REMINISCENCE (April 6) about "the art of shooting a bottle cap" had me almost in tears. He could have been writing about a Vietnamese kid shooting bottle caps in a small town in the Mekong Delta back in the '50s. The "rules of the game" were exactly the same, the only difference was that we used to fill our caps with asphalt, not wax. Thanks for the memory.

TRAN-HUU DUNG
Pondam, N.Y.

LOGGERHEADS

Sir:

Jack Rudloe's article *From the Jaws of Death* (March 23) on the tragic predicament of the loggerhead turtle is the best I've ever seen in SI. As shocking and heartbreaking as it is to read, people need to be made more aware of the price we're paying for progress, which, as the story indicates, is too high. Let's

continued



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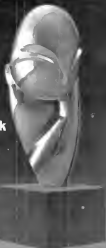
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10TH HOLE continued

just be thankful for the understanding of the Corps of Engineers and the efforts of Captain Glen Buffkin and his crew. Such people give wildlife a chance to survive.

SCOTT SHAVER
Salem, Va.

HOCKEY'S FIGHTING Sir:

There were very disturbing themes in the letter from Messrs. Pagel, Fischer and Deutz (March 23). They say that fighting is "the most exciting element of hockey" and that they "wouldn't go to a hockey game if it wasn't for fighting." To accept the reality of fighting in professional hockey is one thing, to patronize it is another. Unfortunately, this type of aggressive, sensationalistic, anti-cultural attitude seems to prevail in this age of "civilization." I sincerely feel that these three "gentlemen" have never understood the meaning of the word sport. I will take comfort in believing that you printed such a letter satirically, its very words eliminating the need for rebuttal.

SCOTT HAN
College Station, Texas

Sir:

Steve Rogers' letter (March 23) concerning excessive violence in hockey was excellent, but his knowledge of rugby is faulty. Were a rugby player in a Rugby Football Union-sanctioned match to engage in the kind of behavior generally found in hockey games, he would be sent off the field immediately, his team would play a man short for the remainder of the game, he would be suspended for at least one game and his name would be sent up to the state rugby union for further action, if warranted.

No, Mr. Rogers, pro hockey is not rugby. We would never let rugby sink to that level.

CAUSEY GRAM
Member
Old Boys Rugby Football Club
Houston

CUSTOMS Sir:

This is in response to the letter from D. Salmen (March 23) about the naked New Guineans and how "obscene" and "unfashionable" Salmen thought their "tubes" were. Those comments are typical of the cultural snobbery of many Americans, make them dress as we do! We formerly lived in Papua New Guinea, and reader Salmen and any other readers who took offense at SF's pictures might be interested to know that many New Guineans think such Western customs as blowing our noses into a handkerchief and then putting the soiled handkerchief back in our pockets are obscene.

JIM AND BARRI HLETERE REARDON
Columbus, Ohio

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